"I CAN SELL YOU A BODY"

A criminal haunt in four parts, by
Ryan Ferrier & George Kambadais

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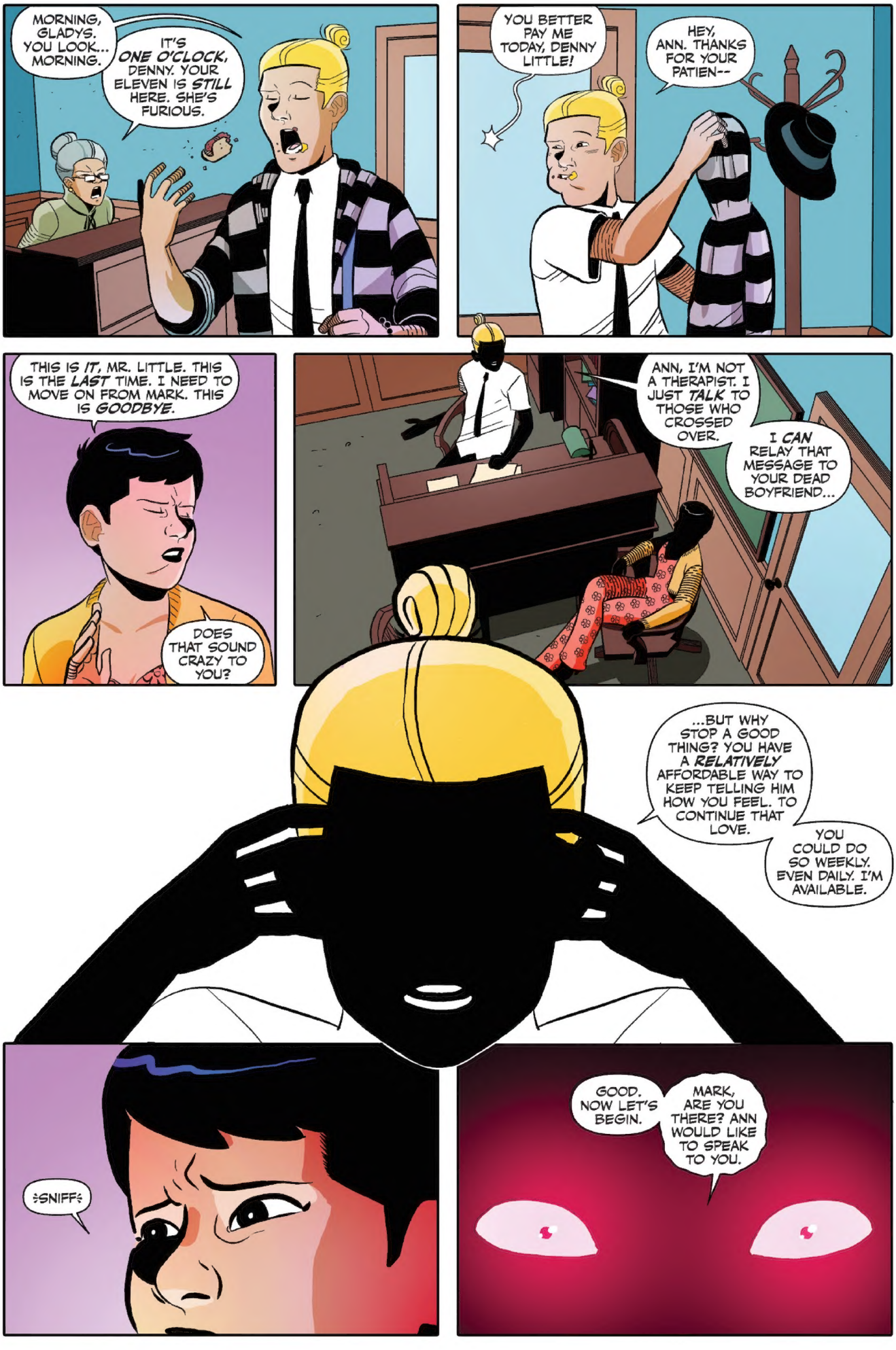
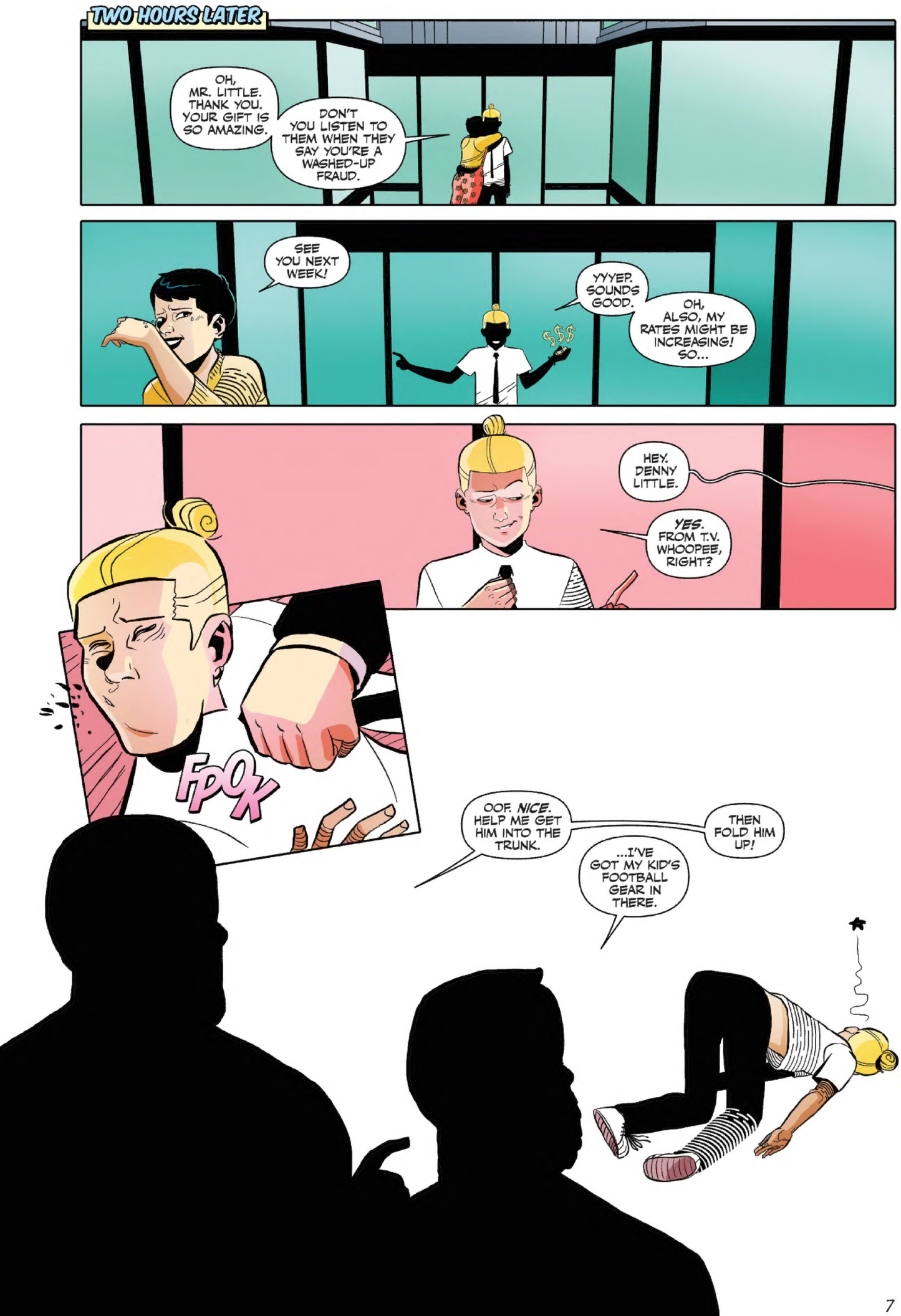
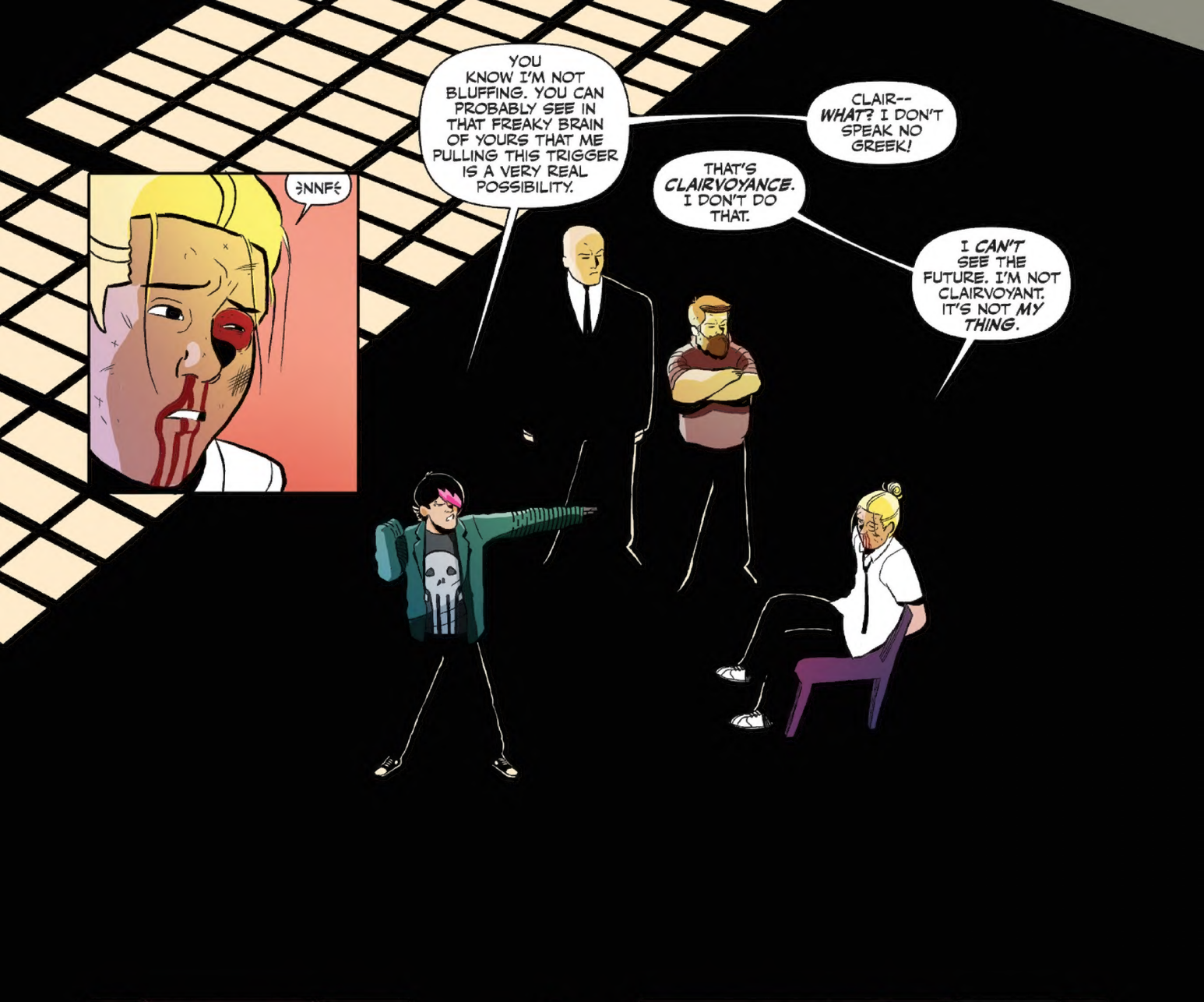
PART 01

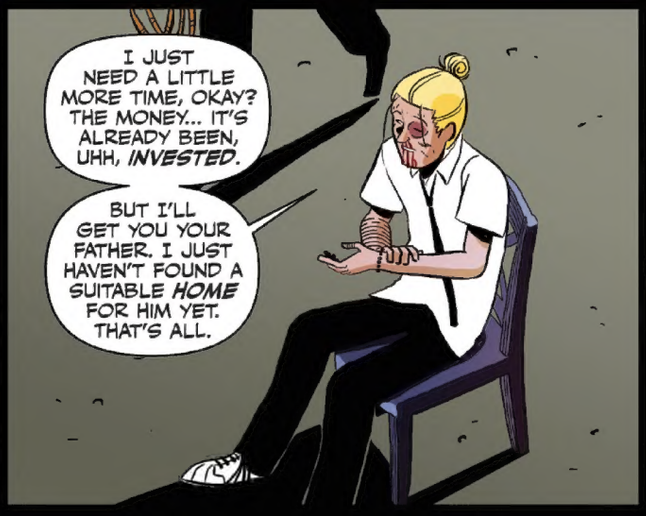
LOS ANGELES, CA
HEY! HOW MUCH FOR A DOG?
THREE!
THREE? JESUS. OKAY, HOW MUCH FOR JUST THE DOG. OR THE BUN. WHICH IS CHEAPER?
I SELL YOU JUST A DOG OR BUN, THEN I'M GONNA BE SHORT JUST A DOG OR BUN. PACKAGE DEAL, BUD--
HEYYY, I KNOW YOU. HOW DO I KNOW YOU?
PSYCHIC GUY. FROM THE SHOW. YOU WERE FAMOUS! FOR, LIKE, A MINUTE...
=SIGH= YEP.
MAN, I'M HUNGRY, CAN I JUST--
HEH, THAT SUCKS. BUT HEY, THAT FAKE PSYCHIC SHIT GOTTA RUN OUT SOMETIME, HUH?
RIIIIIIGHT. FAKE...
...LIKE THE TIME YOU LIED ON A POLICE REPORT, GERRY OWENS? WHEN YOUR DEAD... COUSIN TIM... NO, TODD "JUMPED" OFF THE VINCENT THOMAS BRIDGE?
TODD'S NOT HAPPY WITH YOU, GERRY. PUSHY PUSHY GERRY.
THANKS FOR THE DOG'N BUN, GERRY!
YOU'RE A KIND SOUL.

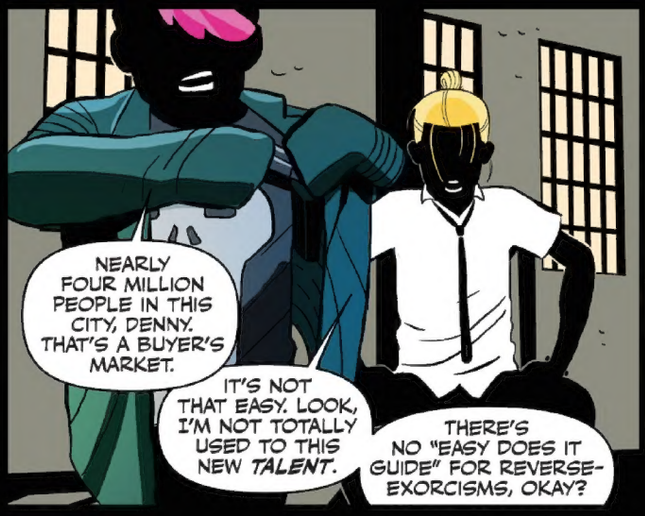

MORNING, GLADYS. YOU LOOK... MORNING.
IT'S ONE O'CLOCK, DENNY. YOUR ELEVEN IS STILL HERE. SHE'S FURIOUS.
YOU BETTER PAY ME TODAY, DENNY LITTLE!
HEY, ANN. THANKS FOR YOUR PATIEN--
THIS IS IT, MR. LITTLE. THIS IS THE LAST TIME. I NEED TO MOVE ON FROM MARK. THIS IS GOODBYE.
DOES THAT SOUND CRAZY TO YOU?
ANN, I'M NOT A THERAPIST. I JUST TALK TO THOSE WHO CROSSED OVER.
I CAN RELAY THAT MESSAGE TO YOUR DEAD BOYFRIEND...
...BUT WHY STOP A GOOD THING? YOU HAVE A RELATIVELY AFFORDABLE WAY TO KEEP TELLING HIM HOW YOU FEEL. TO CONTINUE THAT LOVE.
YOU COULD DO SO WEEKLY. EVEN DAILY. I'M AVAILABLE.
:SNIFF:
GOOD. NOW LET'S BEGIN.
MARK, ARE YOU THERE? ANN WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOU.


TWO HOURS LATER
OH, MR. LITTLE. THANK YOU. YOUR GIFT IS SO AMAZING.
DON'T YOU LISTEN TO THEM WHEN THEY SAY YOU'RE A WASHED-UP FRAUD.
SEE YOU NEXT WEEK!
YYYEP. SOUNDS GOOD.
OH, ALSO, MY RATES MIGHT BE INCREASING! SO...
$$$
HEY. DENNY LITTLE.
YES. FROM T.V. WHOOPEE, RIGHT?
FPOK
OOF. NICE. HELP ME GET HIM INTO THE TRUNK.
...I'VE GOT MY KID'S FOOTBALL GEAR IN THERE.
THEN FOLD HIM UP!

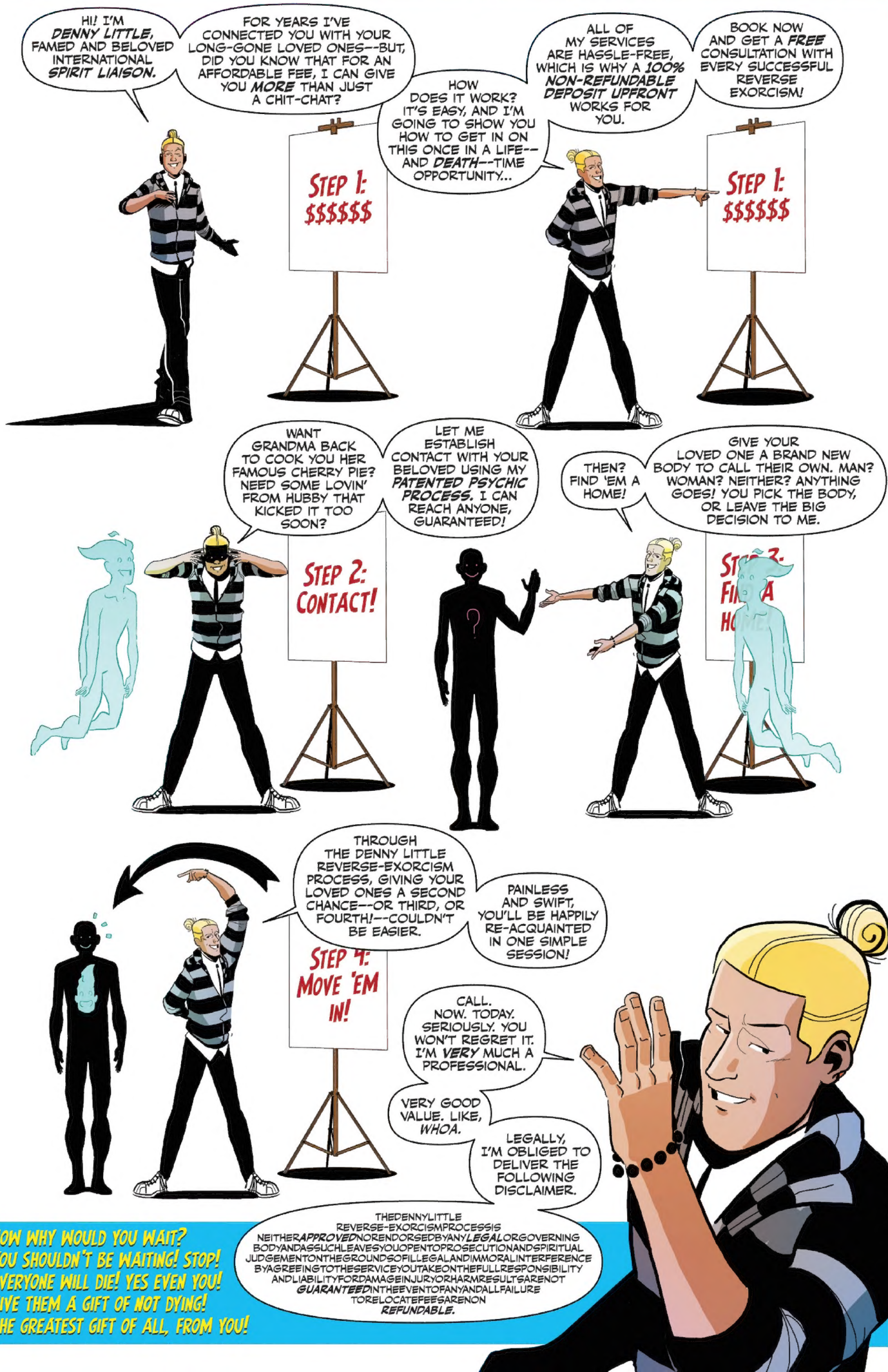

YOU KNOW I'M NOT BLUFFING. YOU CAN PROBABLY SEE IN THAT FREAKY BRAIN OF YOURS THAT ME PULLING THIS TRIGGER IS A VERY REAL POSSIBILITY.
CLAIR-- *WHAT*? I DON'T SPEAK NO GREEK!
THAT'S *CLAIRVOYANCE*. I DON'T DO THAT.
I *CAN'T* SEE THE FUTURE. I'M NOT CLAIRVOYANT. IT'S NOT *MY THING*.
}NNF{

YOUR *THING* IS STEALING *A HUNDRED GRAND* FROM A GUY WHO LIKES DOING *THIS* KIND OF *THING* FOR *FUN*.
}HFF{ MR. GALLO... IF YOU COULD JUST REFRAIN FROM "HAVING FUN" FOR A MINUTE, I'M HAPPY TO DISCUSS THE ONGOING LOGISTICS OF *OUR DEAL*.


I JUST NEED A LITTLE MORE TIME, OKAY? THE MONEY... IT'S ALREADY BEEN, UHH, *INVESTED*.
BUT I'LL GET YOU YOUR FATHER. I JUST HAVEN'T FOUND A SUITABLE *HOME* FOR HIM YET. THAT'S ALL.


NEARLY FOUR MILLION PEOPLE IN THIS CITY, DENNY. THAT'S A BUYER'S MARKET.
IT'S NOT THAT EASY. LOOK, I'M NOT TOTALLY USED TO THIS NEW *TALENT*.
THERE'S NO "EASY DOES IT GUIDE" FOR REVERSE-EXORCISMS, OKAY?

Denny Little's E-Z DOES IT GUIDE TO REVERSE EXORCISMS!


HI! I'M DENNY LITTLE, FAMED AND BELOVED INTERNATIONAL SPIRIT LIAISON.
FOR YEARS I'VE CONNECTED YOU WITH YOUR LONG-GONE LOVED ONES--BUT, DID YOU KNOW THAT FOR AN AFFORDABLE FEE, I CAN GIVE YOU MORE THAN JUST A CHIT-CHAT?
HOW DOES IT WORK? IT'S EASY, AND I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU HOW TO GET IN ON THIS ONCE IN A LIFE--AND DEATH--TIME OPPORTUNITY...
ALL OF MY SERVICES ARE HASSLE-FREE, WHICH IS WHY A 100% NON-REFUNDABLE DEPOSIT UPFRONT WORKS FOR YOU.
BOOK NOW AND GET A FREE CONSULTATION WITH EVERY SUCCESSFUL REVERSE EXORCISM!
STEP 1: $$$$$$
STEP 1: $$$$$$
WANT GRANDMA BACK TO COOK YOU HER FAMOUS CHERRY PIE? NEED SOME LOVIN' FROM HUBBY THAT KICKED IT TOO SOON?
LET ME ESTABLISH CONTACT WITH YOUR BELOVED USING MY PATENTED PSYCHIC PROCESS. I CAN REACH ANYONE, GUARANTEED!
STEP 2: CONTACT!
THEN? FIND 'EM A HOME!
GIVE YOUR LOVED ONE A BRAND NEW BODY TO CALL THEIR OWN. MAN? WOMAN? NEITHER? ANYTHING GOES! YOU PICK THE BODY, OR LEAVE THE BIG DECISION TO ME.
STEP 3: FIND 'EM A HOME!
THROUGH THE DENNY LITTLE REVERSE-EXORCISM PROCESS, GIVING YOUR LOVED ONES A SECOND CHANCE--OR THIRD, OR FOURTH!--COULDN'T BE EASIER.
PAINLESS AND SWIFT, YOU'LL BE HAPPILY RE-ACQUAINTED IN ONE SIMPLE SESSION!
STEP 4: MOVE 'EM IN!
CALL. NOW. TODAY. SERIOUSLY. YOU WON'T REGRET IT. I'M VERY MUCH A PROFESSIONAL.
VERY GOOD VALUE. LIKE, WHOA.
LEGALLY, I'M OBLIGED TO DELIVER THE FOLLOWING DISCLAIMER.
THE DENNY LITTLE REVERSE-EXORCISM PROCESS IS NEITHER APPROVED NOR ENDORSED BY ANY LEGAL OR GOVERNING BODY AND AS SUCH LEAVES YOU OPEN TO PROSECUTION AND SPIRITUAL JUDGEMENT ON THE GROUNDS OF ILLEGAL AND IMMORAL INTERFERENCE BY AGREEING TO THE SERVICE YOU TAKE ON THE FULL RESPONSIBILITY AND LIABILITY FOR DAMAGE IN JURY OR HARM RESULTS ARE NOT GUARANTEED IN THE EVENT OF ANY AND ALL FAILURE TO RELOCATE FEES ARE NON REFUNDABLE.
NOW WHY WOULD YOU WAIT? YOU SHOULDN'T BE WAITING! STOP! EVERYONE WILL DIE! YES EVEN YOU! GIVE THEM A GIFT OF NOT DYING! THE GREATEST GIFT OF ALL, FROM YOU!

SKRRRCH

HWUP!

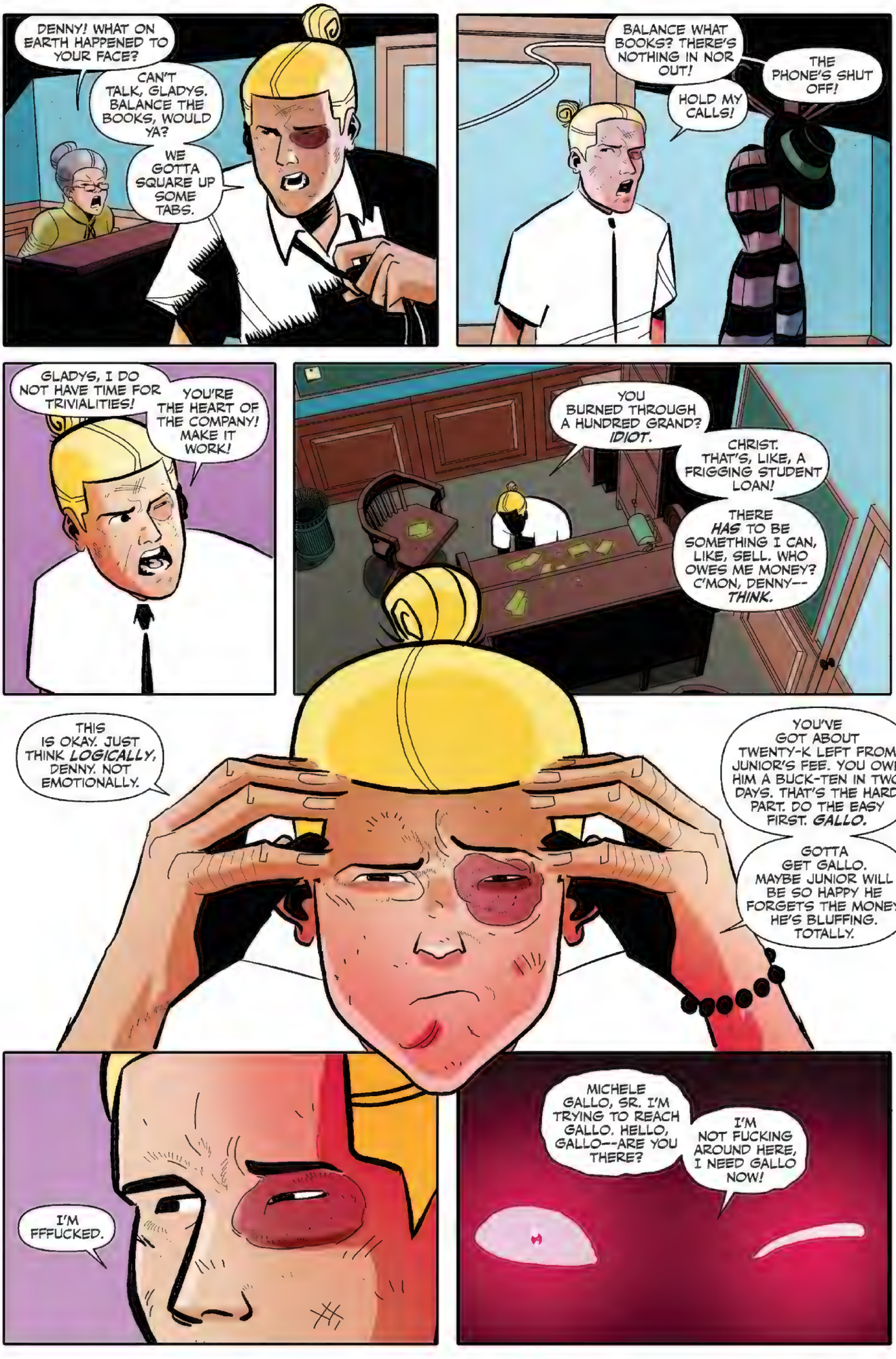
=HNNG= GODDAMN. I COULD'VE JUST GOTTEN OUT. UNNECESSARY.
APPRECIATE YOU NOT KILLING ME, MR. GALLO. YOU'RE ONE OF THE GOOD ONES. YOUR DAD WOULD BE--

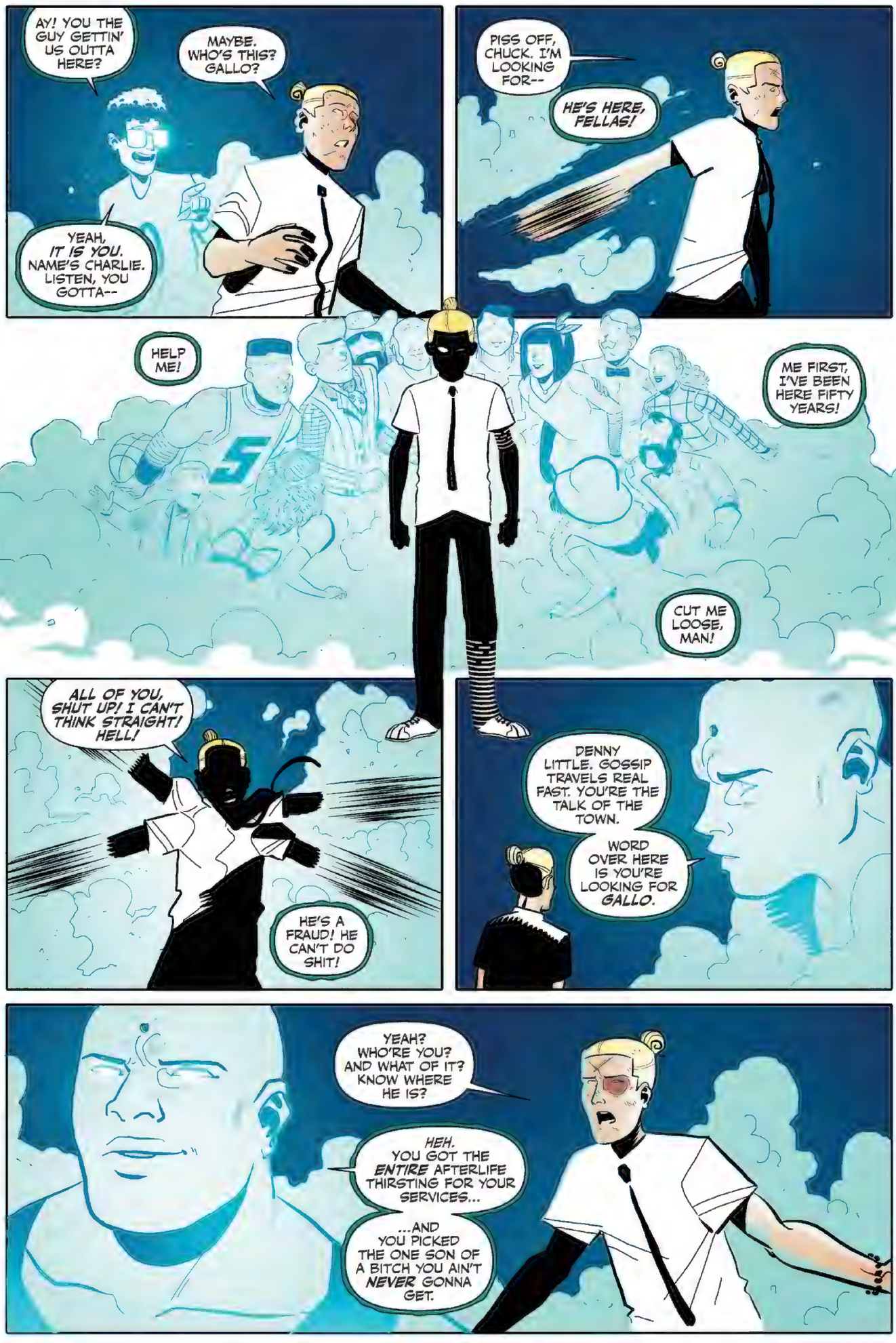
HE'LL BE *HERE.* IN A NEW *BODY.* JUST AS I *PAID* YOU.
NO EXCUSES THIS TIME, LITTLE. THIS IS YOUR FINAL NOTICE.

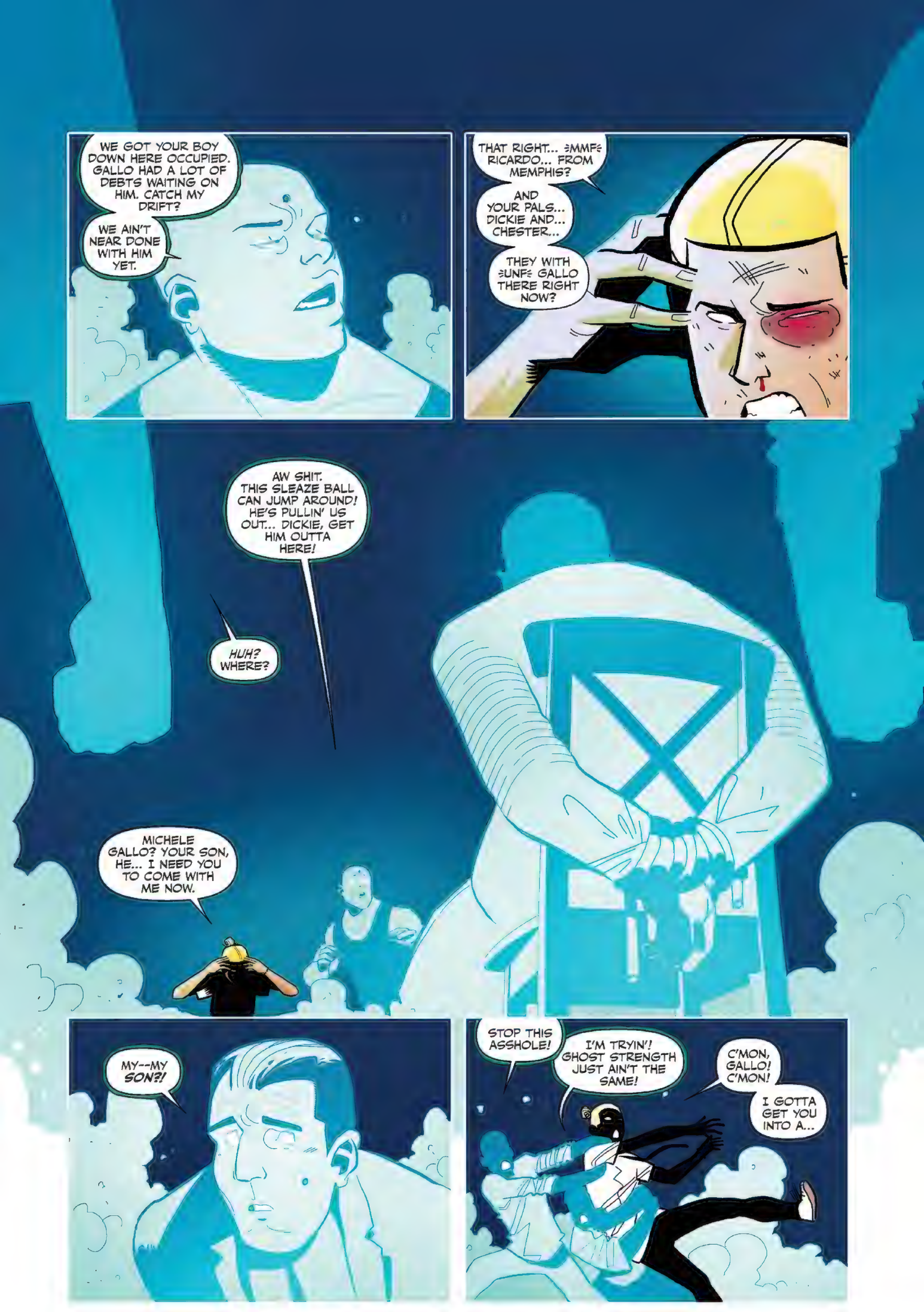
RIGHT... LOOK... I... I JUST...
...I JUST NEED A LITTLE MORE *TIME.*

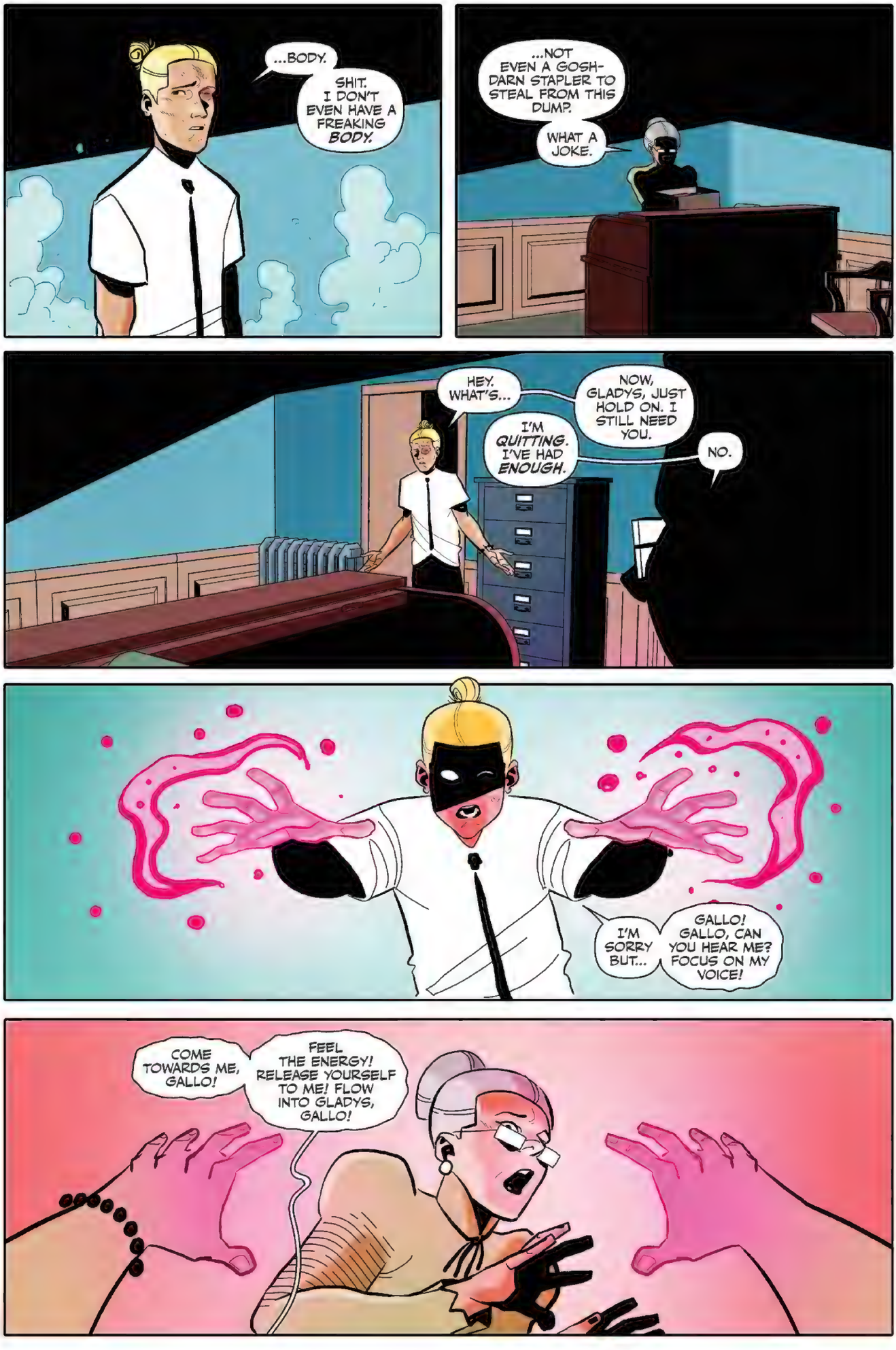
LIKE... A COUPLE WEEKS. TOPS. MAYBE THREE. ISH?
HOW ABOUT AUGUST? YEAH, AUGUST WILL BE GOOD.
UNLESS... Y'ALL HAVE, LIKE, BODIES UP THE WAZOO, NO? NO SPARE BODIES YOU'D WANNA... ALL RIGHT.
ALSO... I MAY NEED TO EXPENSE SOME MORE THINGS. FOR INCIDENTALS. COOL, OR...?
PLEASE SAY SOMETHING.

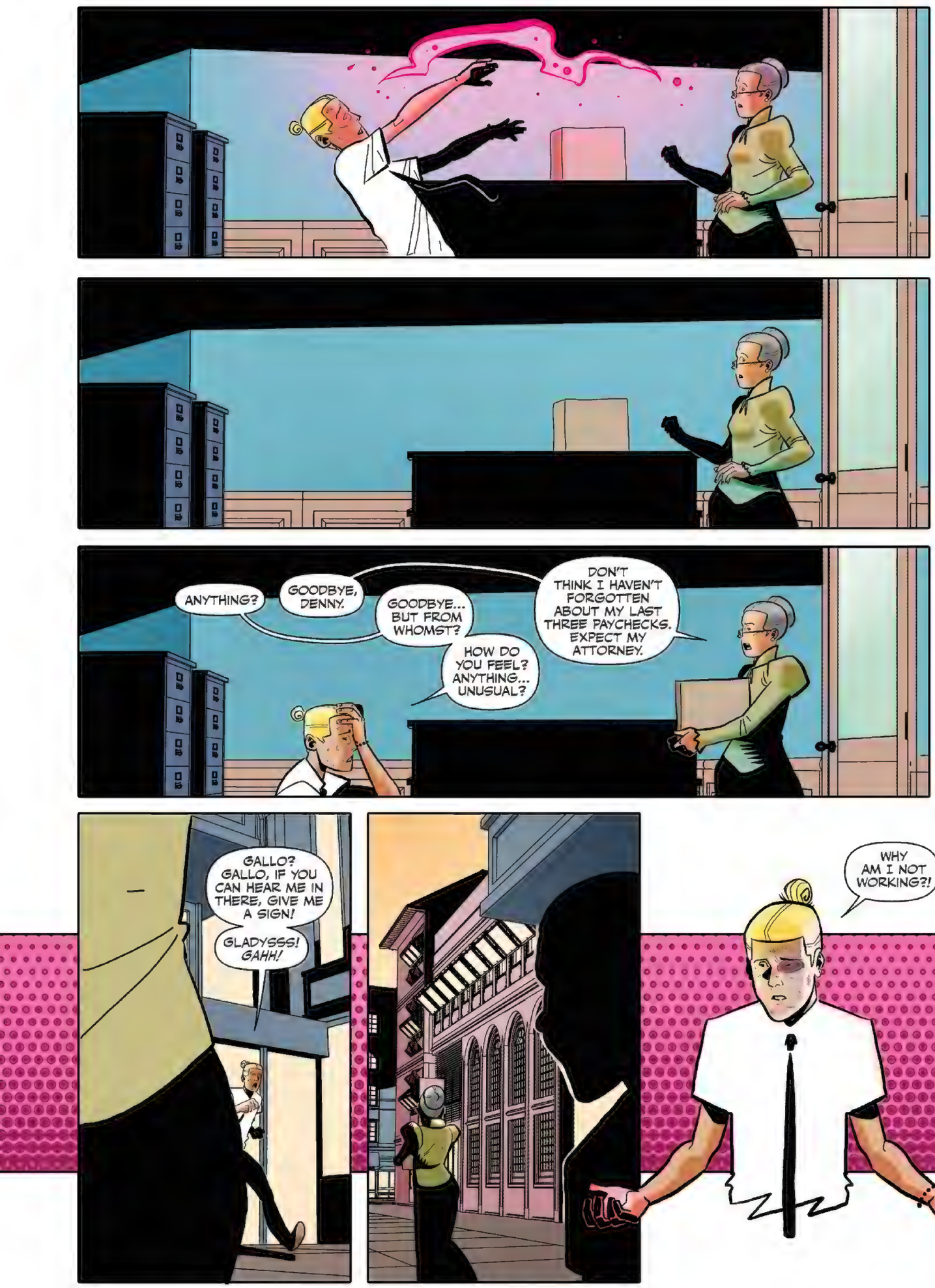
I'M GOING EMPTY MY GUN IN YOUR STUPID FACE ON THURSDAY.
IT'S TUESDAY RIGHT NOW, DENNY BOY.
JESUSSS.
IS IT TUESDAY ALREADY?
YOU HAVE FORTY-EIGHT HOURS TO PUT MY FATHER'S SPIRIT IN A DECENT NEW BODY.
AND YOU'RE GONNA GIVE ME BACK MY HUNDRED GRAND WHEN YA DO IT. PLUS INTEREST.
THIRTY PERCENT, SEE?
THAT'S... WAIT--THAT'S... THREE... CARRY THE O'S... THIRTY THOU--
TWO DAYS?!
AU REVOIR, FUCKMAN! SEE YOU THURSDAY!
SKRRRRT

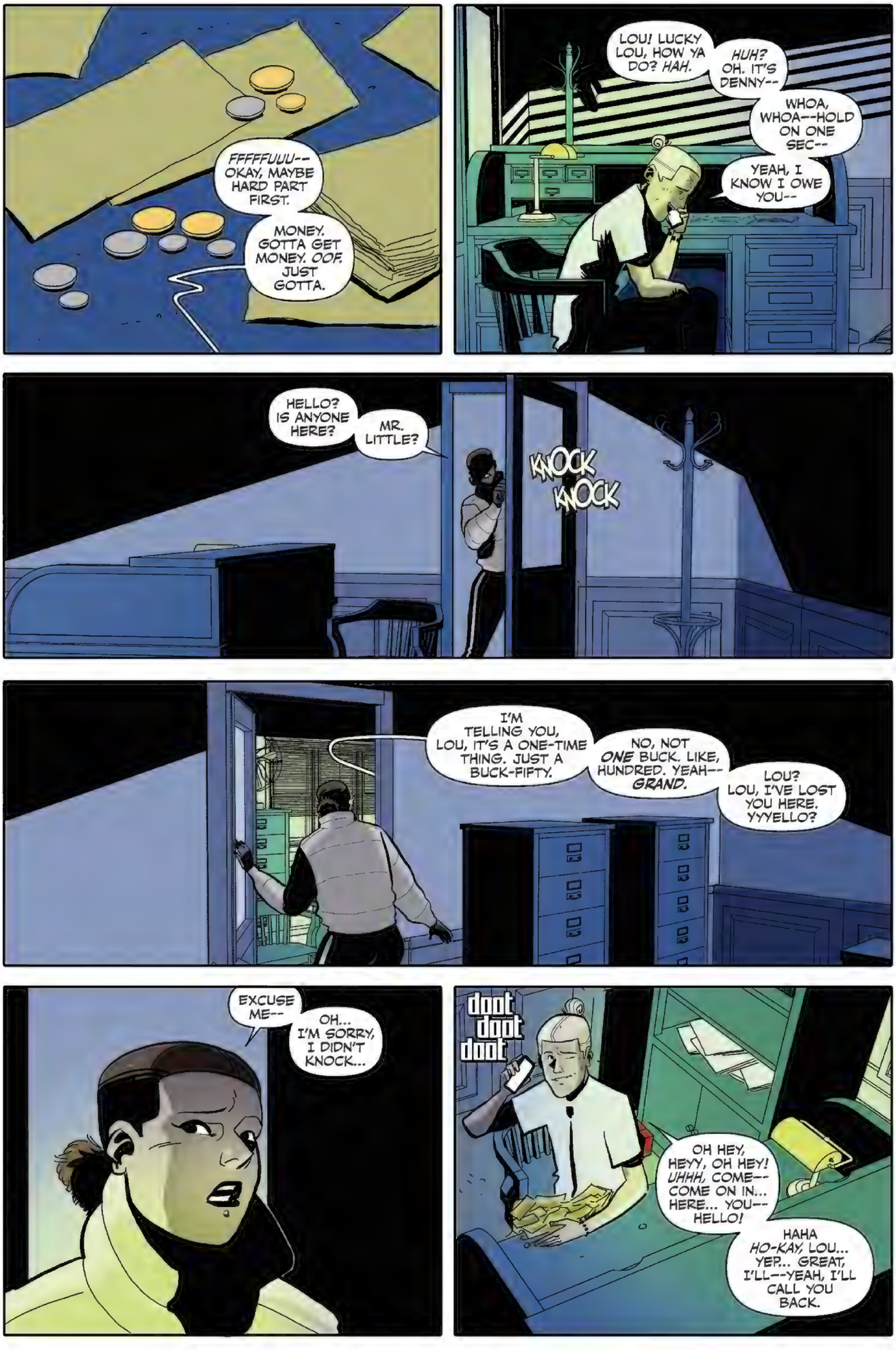

DENNY! WHAT ON EARTH HAPPENED TO YOUR FACE?
CAN'T TALK, GLADYS. BALANCE THE BOOKS, WOULD YA?
WE GOTTA SQUARE UP SOME TABS.
BALANCE WHAT BOOKS? THERE'S NOTHING IN NOR OUT!
THE PHONE'S SHUT OFF!
HOLD MY CALLS!
GLADYS, I DO NOT HAVE TIME FOR TRIVIALITIES!
YOU'RE THE HEART OF THE COMPANY! MAKE IT WORK!
YOU BURNED THROUGH A HUNDRED GRAND? IDIOT.
CHRIST. THAT'S, LIKE, A FRIGGING STUDENT LOAN!
THERE HAS TO BE SOMETHING I CAN, LIKE, SELL. WHO OWES ME MONEY? C'MON, DENNY-- THINK.
THIS IS OKAY. JUST THINK LOGICALLY, DENNY. NOT EMOTIONALLY.
YOU'VE GOT ABOUT TWENTY-K LEFT FROM JUNIOR'S FEE. YOU OWE HIM A BUCK-TEN IN TWO DAYS. THAT'S THE HARD PART. DO THE EASY FIRST. GALLO.
GOTTA GET GALLO. MAYBE JUNIOR WILL BE SO HAPPY HE FORGETS THE MONEY. HE'S BLUFFING. TOTALLY.
I'M FFFUCKED.
MICHELE GALLO, SR. I'M TRYING TO REACH GALLO. HELLO, GALLO--ARE YOU THERE?
I'M NOT FUCKING AROUND HERE, I NEED GALLO NOW!


AY! YOU THE GUY GETTIN' US OUTTA HERE?
MAYBE. WHO'S THIS? GALLO?
YEAH, IT IS YOU. NAME'S CHARLIE. LISTEN, YOU GOTTA--
PISS OFF, CHUCK. I'M LOOKING FOR--
HE'S HERE, FELLAS!
HELP ME!
ME FIRST, I'VE BEEN HERE FIFTY YEARS!
CUT ME LOOSE, MAN!
ALL OF YOU, SHUT UP! I CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT! HELL!
HE'S A FRAUD! HE CAN'T DO SHIT!
DENNY LITTLE. GOSSIP TRAVELS REAL FAST. YOU'RE THE TALK OF THE TOWN.
WORD OVER HERE IS YOU'RE LOOKING FOR GALLO.
YEAH? WHO'RE YOU? AND WHAT OF IT? KNOW WHERE HE IS?
HEH. YOU GOT THE ENTIRE AFTERLIFE THIRSTING FOR YOUR SERVICES...
...AND YOU PICKED THE ONE SON OF A BITCH YOU AIN'T NEVER GONNA GET.


WE GOT YOUR BOY DOWN HERE OCCUPIED. GALLO HAD A LOT OF DEBTS WAITING ON HIM. CATCH MY DRIFT?
WE AIN'T NEAR DONE WITH HIM YET.
THAT RIGHT... =MMF= RICARDO... FROM MEMPHIS?
AND YOUR PALS... DICKIE AND... CHESTER...
THEY WITH =UNF= GALLO THERE RIGHT NOW?
AW SHIT. THIS SLEAZE BALL CAN JUMP AROUND! HE'S PULLIN' US OUT... DICKIE, GET HIM OUTTA HERE!
HUH? WHERE?
MICHELE GALLO? YOUR SON, HE... I NEED YOU TO COME WITH ME NOW.
MY--MY SON?!
STOP THIS ASSHOLE!
I'M TRYIN'! GHOST STRENGTH JUST AIN'T THE SAME!
C'MON, GALLO! C'MON!
I GOTTA GET YOU INTO A...


...BODY.
SHIT. I DON'T EVEN HAVE A FREAKING BODY.
...NOT EVEN A GOSH-DARN STAPLER TO STEAL FROM THIS DUMP.
WHAT A JOKE.
HEY. WHAT'S...
I'M QUITTING. I'VE HAD ENOUGH.
NOW, GLADYS, JUST HOLD ON. I STILL NEED YOU.
NO.
I'M SORRY BUT...
GALLO! GALLO, CAN YOU HEAR ME? FOCUS ON MY VOICE!
COME TOWARDS ME, GALLO!
FEEL THE ENERGY! RELEASE YOURSELF TO ME! FLOW INTO GLADYS, GALLO!


ANYTHING?
GOODBYE, DENNY.
GOODBYE... BUT FROM WHOMST?
HOW DO YOU FEEL? ANYTHING... UNUSUAL?
DON'T THINK I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN ABOUT MY LAST THREE PAYCHECKS. EXPECT MY ATTORNEY.
GALLO? GALLO, IF YOU CAN HEAR ME IN THERE, GIVE ME A SIGN!
GLADYSSS! GAHH!
WHY AM I NOT WORKING?!


FFFFFUUU-- OKAY, MAYBE HARD PART FIRST.
MONEY. GOTTA GET MONEY. OOF. JUST GOTTA.
LOU! LUCKY LOU, HOW YA DO? HAH.
HUH? OH. IT'S DENNY--
WHOA, WHOA--HOLD ON ONE SEC--
YEAH, I KNOW I OWE YOU--
HELLO? IS ANYONE HERE?
MR. LITTLE?
KNOCK KNOCK
I'M TELLING YOU, LOU, IT'S A ONE-TIME THING. JUST A BUCK-FIFTY.
NO, NOT ONE BUCK. LIKE, HUNDRED. YEAH-- GRAND.
LOU? LOU, I'VE LOST YOU HERE. YYYELLO?
EXCUSE ME--
OH... I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T KNOCK...
doot doot doot
OH HEY, HEYY, OH HEY! UHHH, COME-- COME ON IN... HERE... YOU-- HELLO!
HAHA HO-KAY, LOU... YEP... GREAT, I'LL--YEAH, I'LL CALL YOU BACK.

HOW MAY I HELP... YOU-- ASDFGHJKL!

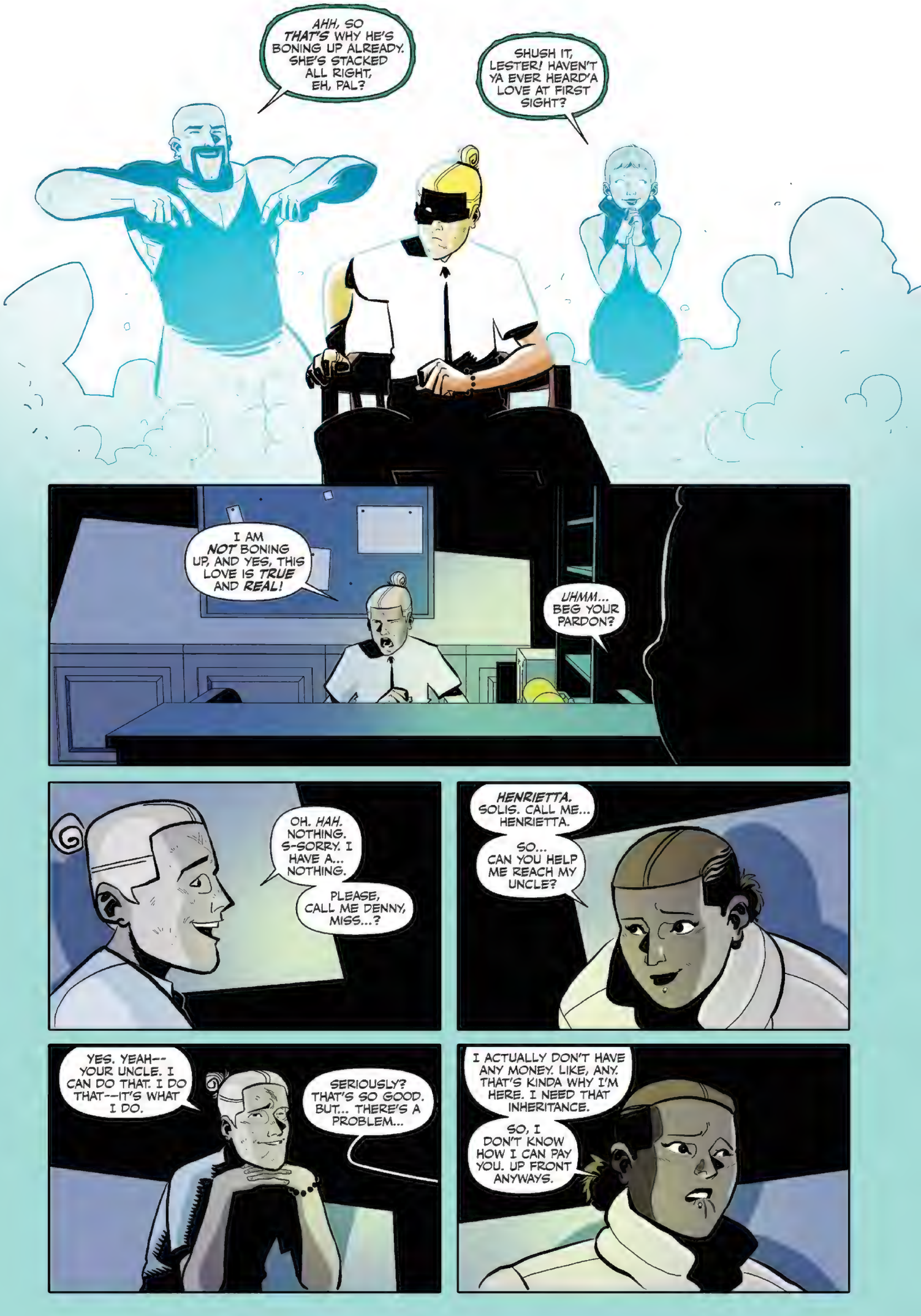
OOH, HE LIKES HER.
LOOK AT HIM! HE'S CAUGHT IN A LOVER'S TRANCE!

I'M-- UHH... LOOKING FOR... ARE YOU DENNY LITTLE?
I--HE-- YES--HE IS HIM--I'M ME.
=KOFF=

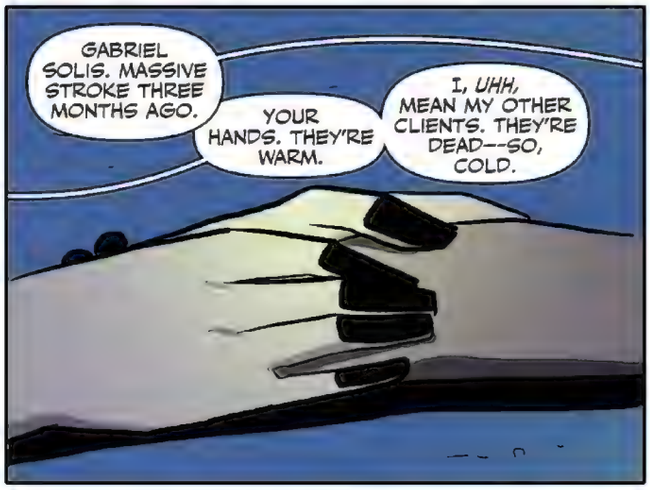
I MEAN, I'M DENNY. AND FOR YOU, HOW TO BE OF... MY SERVICE?
AH-HEM, HOW CAN I HELP YOU? SORRY.
HE'S BLOWING IT. LOOK, HE'S BLOWING IT.

OH, THANK GOD YOU'RE HERE AND CAN HELP. IT'S MY UNCLE.
HE DIED, YOU SEE, AND... WELL HOW DO I SAY THIS WITHOUT COMING OFF SHALLOW...

IT WAS VERY SUDDEN AND HE WASN'T THE MOST ORGANIZED MAN.
I NEED YOU TO HELP ME FIND MY INHERITANCE.
IT'S JUST A LOT OF MONEY.


AHH, SO THAT'S WHY HE'S BONING UP ALREADY. SHE'S STACKED ALL RIGHT, EH, PAL?
SHUSH IT, LESTER! HAVEN'T YA EVER HEARD'A LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT?
I AM NOT BONING UP, AND YES, THIS LOVE IS TRUE AND REAL!
UHMM... BEG YOUR PARDON?
OH. HAH. NOTHING. S-SORRY. I HAVE A... NOTHING.
PLEASE, CALL ME DENNY, MISS...?
HENRIETTA. SOLIS. CALL ME... HENRIETTA.
SO... CAN YOU HELP ME REACH MY UNCLE?
YES. YEAH-- YOUR UNCLE. I CAN DO THAT. I DO THAT--IT'S WHAT I DO.
SERIOUSLY? THAT'S SO GOOD. BUT... THERE'S A PROBLEM...
I ACTUALLY DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY. LIKE, ANY. THAT'S KINDA WHY I'M HERE. I NEED THAT INHERITANCE.
SO, I DON'T KNOW HOW I CAN PAY YOU. UP FRONT ANYWAYS.

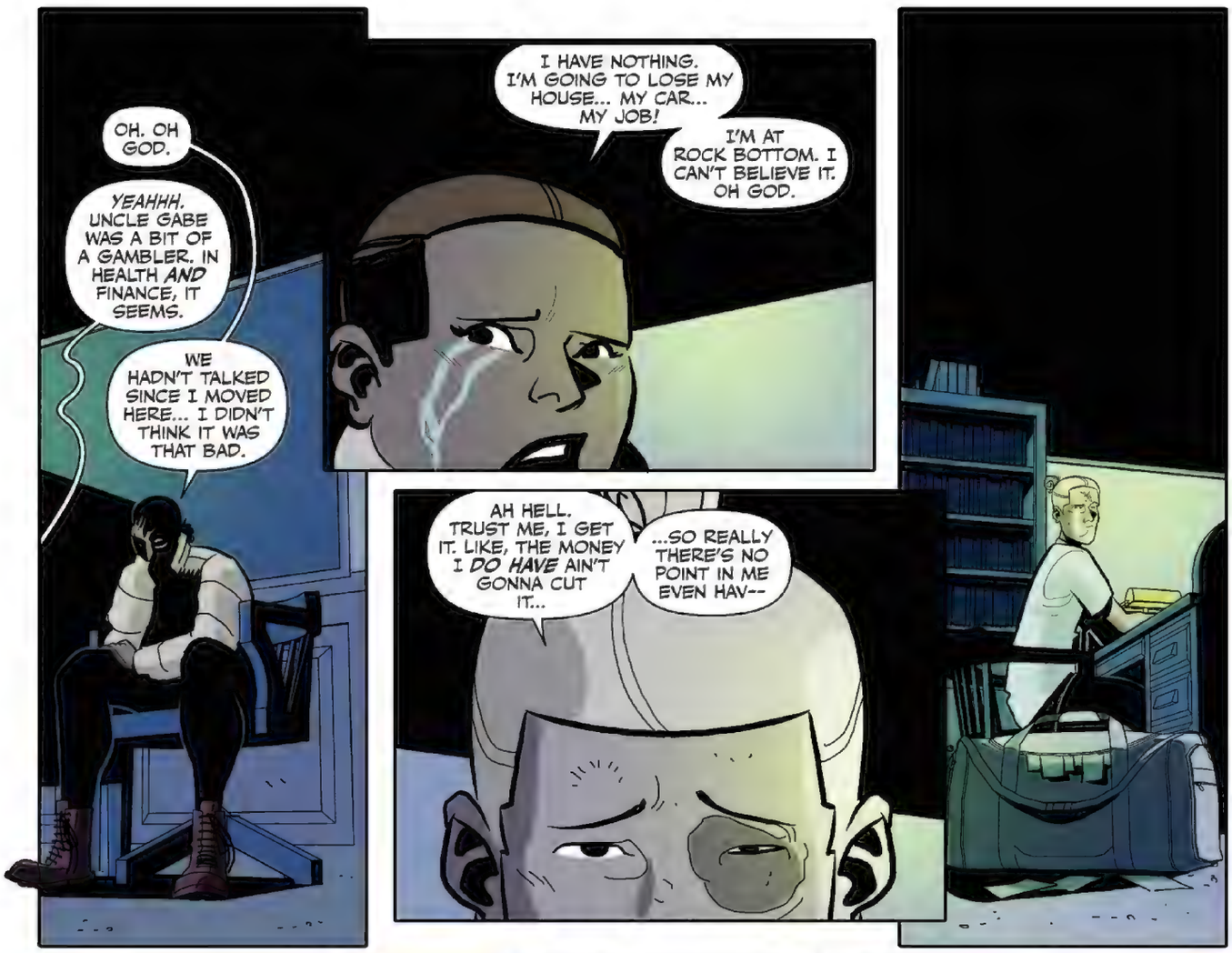
YEAH, NO, I GET IT. MONEY PROBLEMS. WE'VE ALL BEEN THERE.
WHAT'S HIS NAME?


GABRIEL SOLIS. MASSIVE STROKE THREE MONTHS AGO.
YOUR HANDS. THEY'RE WARM.
I, UHH, MEAN MY OTHER CLIENTS. THEY'RE DEAD--SO, COLD.

GABRIEL? MR. SOLIS? YOU THERE?

WHUP--
I'M GETTING SOMETHING. YES.
RIGHT... RIIIGHT, OKAY. HUH.
OH MY GOD. WHAT'S HE SAYING? TELL HIM I MISS HIM. TELL HIM--

GOOD NEWS? I MADE CONTACT WITH YOUR UNCLE!
HE MISSES YOU TOO. HE'S OKAY. WELL, LIKE, HE'S DEAD... BUT OKAY.
SO... YAYYYY FOR THAT. BUT, YEAH...
THE BAD NEWS--YOUR INHERITANCE IS GONE.


I HAVE NOTHING. I'M GOING TO LOSE MY HOUSE... MY CAR... MY JOB!
I'M AT ROCK BOTTOM. I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. OH GOD.
OH. OH GOD.
YEAHHH. UNCLE GABE WAS A BIT OF A GAMBLER. IN HEALTH AND FINANCE, IT SEEMS.
WE HADN'T TALKED SINCE I MOVED HERE... I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS THAT BAD.
AH HELL. TRUST ME, I GET IT. LIKE, THE MONEY I DO HAVE AIN'T GONNA CUT IT...
...SO REALLY THERE'S NO POINT IN ME EVEN HAV--

DENNY, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. IT FEELS WEIRD ACCEPTING A DUFFEL BAG FULL OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS. LIKE... IT'S CRAZY.
HONESTLY, THE MOST I CAN DO NOW IS TRY TO BE A GOOD PERSON.
I'M NOT SURE I'LL BE IN A POSITION TO USE IT SOON...
...MAYBE THIS'LL EARN ME SOME GOOD WILL. AND HELP YOU, OF COURSE.

I'M NOT REALLY SURE WHAT THAT MEANS?
I THINK MAYBE MY UNCLE MEANT FOR ME TO FIND YOU.
YOU ARE A GOOD, GOOD MAN, DENNY LITTLE.
I'M GLAD TO HAVE MET YOU, HENRIETTA. GOODBYE.
YEAH...
PFFT, DON'T SAY "GOODBYE." YOU HAVE MY NUMBER. SO... SEE YOU AROUND?

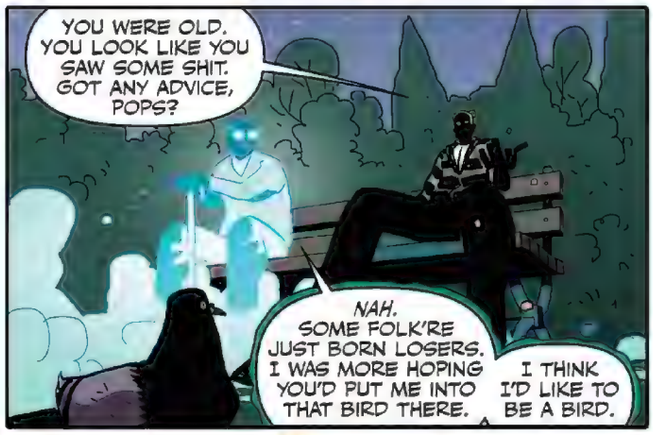
LATER...

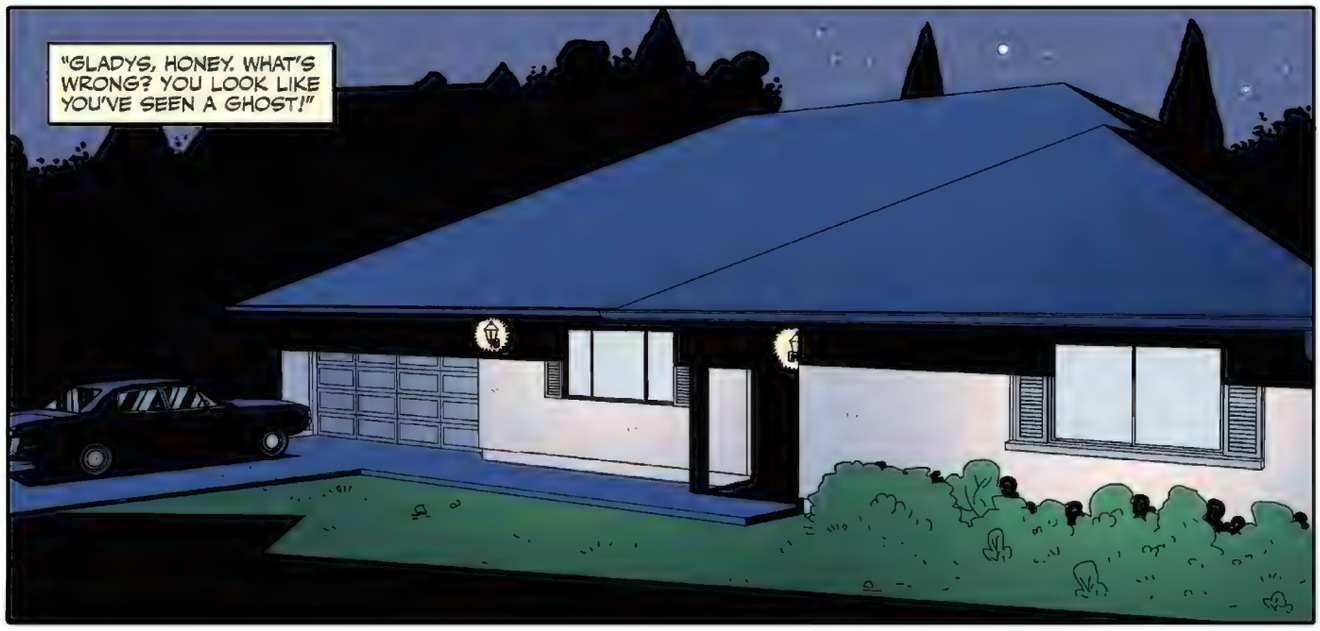
WELL HEY THERE, SONNY. YOU LOOK A LI'L DOWN. WHAT'S EATIN' YA, FRIEND?
LITTLE INSENSITIVE.
TEASING.
LIFE.
SHIT, SORRY.

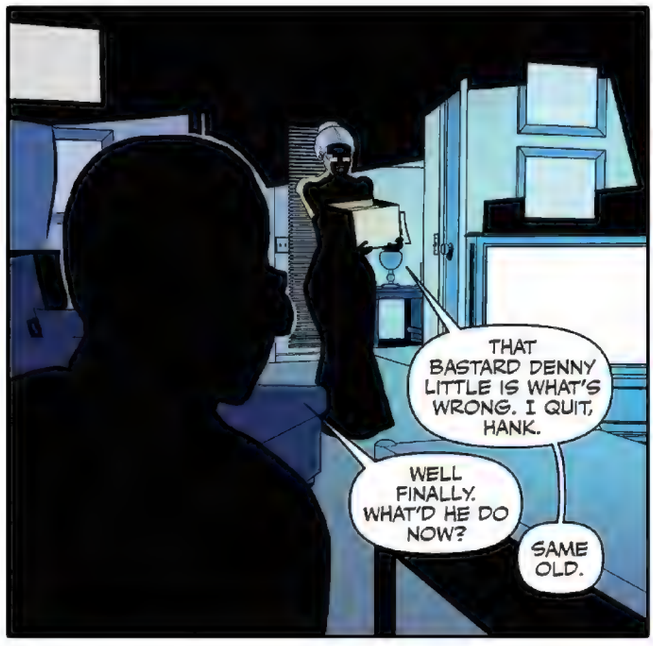
EVERYTHING IS JUST SO FUCKED UP. I AM A FUCK UP.
I HAVE A REAL ABILITY--A REAL MEANS TO DO GOOD--AND I SOMEHOW BLEW IT ALL. IT WAS THE EASIEST THING, JUST NOT BLOWING IT.
NOW I OWE A QUARTER-MILL AND A SOUL TO A MAFIOSO WHO'S PROBABLY GOING TO JUST SHOOT ME EITHER WAY.

PLUS I THINK I JUST MET THE LOVE OF MY LIFE? BLEW THAT TOO.
AND I GAVE HER ALL MY MONEY?

WHAT IN THE HOLY LIVING HELL IS WRONG WITH ME?


YOU WERE OLD. YOU LOOK LIKE YOU SAW SOME SHIT. GOT ANY ADVICE, POPS?
NAH. SOME FOLK'RE JUST BORN LOSERS. I WAS MORE HOPING YOU'D PUT ME INTO THAT BIRD THERE.
I THINK I'D LIKE TO BE A BIRD.


"GLADYS, HONEY. WHAT'S WRONG? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE SEEN A GHOST!"


THAT BASTARD DENNY LITTLE IS WHAT'S WRONG. I QUIT, HANK.
WELL FINALLY. WHAT'D HE DO NOW?
SAME OLD.

AH SHOOT. WE'LL BE OKAY, DARLIN'. WE ALWAYS ARE.
OOF, YOU'RE BURNIN' UP. YOU FEELIN' OKAY?

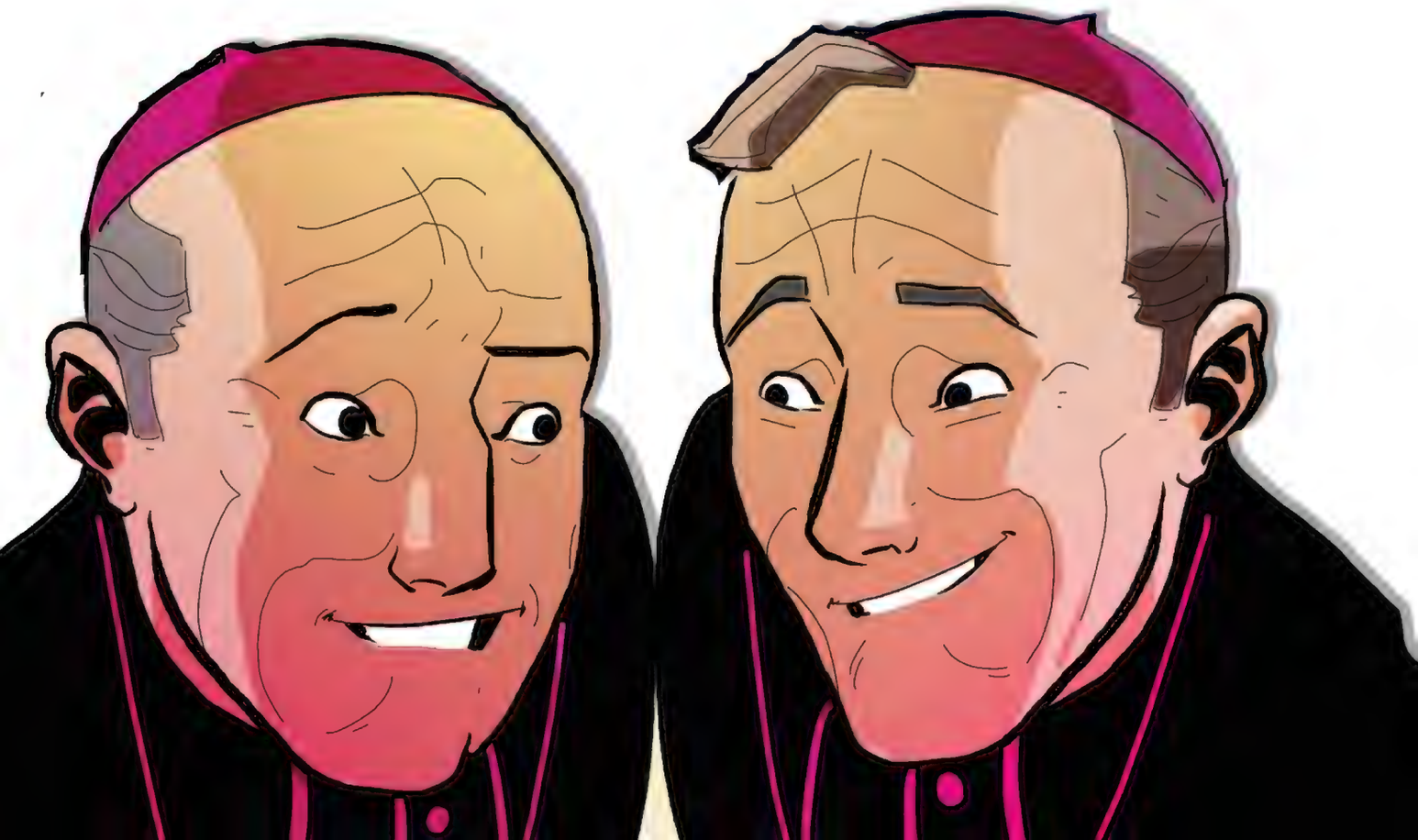
A LITTLE WORSE FOR WEAR, TRUTH BE TOLD. MIGHT BE A WEE BUG. OR MAYBE JUST ƎHNNƎ TIRED.
I'M GOING TO CHANGE INTO MY COMFIES.

GOOD IDEA, HUN. FIX YOURSELF A HOT CUPPA, AND I'LL GET SUPPER GOING.
I'M GONNA MAKE HANKY'S FAMOUS LIVER BUNS, BABY!

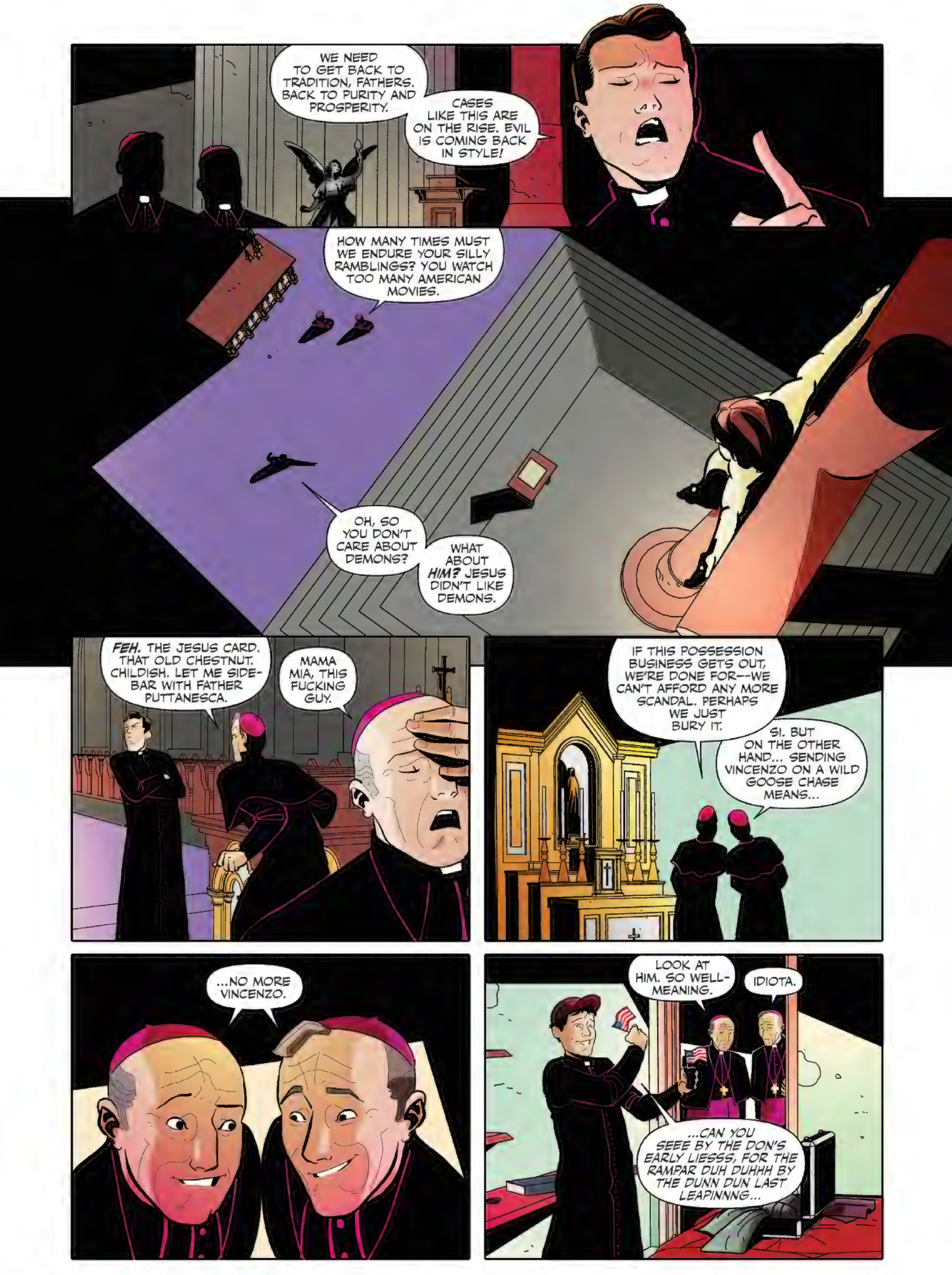
OOH YEAH, THESE 'YUNS ARE EXTRA RIPE TOO-NIGHT.
CHOP CHOP
:SNFF SNFF:
HOLY MOLY ARE THEY EVER. SMELLS LIKE A DING-DANG ROTTEN EGG FACTORY!
HONEY? HONEY ARE YOU SMELL--
HNGRRR
GLADYS? WHERE'S YOUR COMFIES?
WH-WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU?
THERE ISSSS NO GLADYS...

...ONLY
ASAG!

PART 02



VATICAN CITY
YOU KNOW, FATHER PUTTANESCA, IT'S THE QUIET MOMENTS THAT TRULY MAKE ME APPRECIATE THE LORD.
YES. WE ARE MOLTO BLESSED.
FOUR WALLS, THREE SQUARE MEALS, SILKENED SHEETS-- AHH, THE LIFE OF A PRIEST, EH? AHH.
FATHERS! THERE'S BEEN ANOTHER!
AYEE, NOT THIS AGAIN.
DRUNKEN LOUT.
DEMON.
THIS TIME IN AMERICA--CAN YOU BELIEVE IT? A WOMAN POSSESSED. SHE KILLED HER HUSBAND!
HER BODY IS...HOW YOU SAY--ROTTED-- DEAD. BUT THE DEMON IS OUT THERE. I KNOW IT, FATHERS!
=SNFF SNFF=
FATHER VINCENZO... I SEE YOU'VE BEEN HELPING YOURSELF TO THE COMMUNION WINE AGAIN.
=TSS TSS=
FAH! YOU NEVER TAKE ME SERIOUSLY, FATHER BIANCHI!
WE ARE GOD'S SERVANTS-- IT IS OUR JOB TO SPREAD HIS LOVE AND PROTECT THOSE THAT CANNOT DEFEND THEMSELVES FROM SATAN'S GRIP!

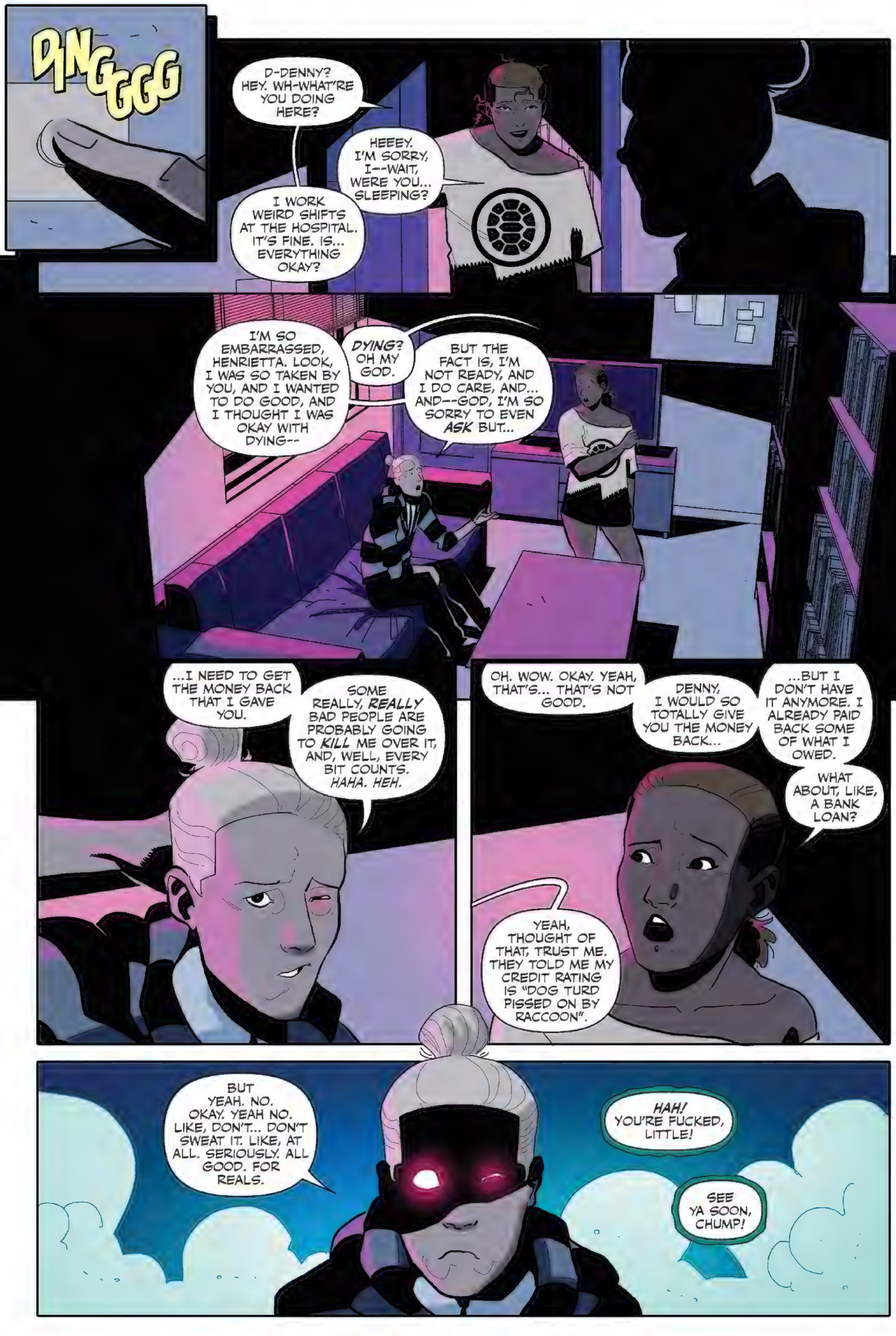

WE NEED TO GET BACK TO TRADITION, FATHERS. BACK TO PURITY AND PROSPERITY.
CASES LIKE THIS ARE ON THE RISE. EVIL IS COMING BACK IN STYLE!
HOW MANY TIMES MUST WE ENDURE YOUR SILLY RAMBLINGS? YOU WATCH TOO MANY AMERICAN MOVIES.
OH, SO YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT DEMONS?
WHAT ABOUT *HIM?* JESUS DIDN'T LIKE DEMONS.
FEH. THE JESUS CARD. THAT OLD CHESTNUT. CHILDISH. LET ME SIDE-BAR WITH FATHER PUTTANESCA.
MAMA MIA, THIS FUCKING GUY.
IF THIS POSSESSION BUSINESS GETS OUT, WE'RE DONE FOR--WE CAN'T AFFORD ANY MORE SCANDAL. PERHAPS WE JUST BURY IT.
SI. BUT ON THE OTHER HAND... SENDING VINCENZO ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE MEANS...
...NO MORE VINCENZO.
LOOK AT HIM. SO WELL-MEANING.
IDIOTA.
...CAN YOU SEEE BY THE DON'S EARLY LIESSS, FOR THE RAMPAR DUH DUHHH BY THE DUNN DUN LAST LEAPINNNG...

LOS ANGELES, CA
WELCOME TO HOT NOODZ.
GONNA BUY SOMETHIN', MAN-BUN?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WANT. CAN I SAMPLE SOME THINGS? SO THAT I MAY MAKE AN INFORMED DECISION ON THE NOODLE SITUATION?
AHHAHAH, NO. I SEEN YOU GETTIN' FREE SAMPLES FOR THE LAST HOUR.
YOU'RE A FOOD TOURIST. BEGONE.
TOURIST, EH? HMM... IT'S LENNY, RIGHT?
WEREN'T YOU A TOURIST NOT SO LONG AGO... A SEX TOURIST?
IT WOULD BE A SHAME IF THE FINE PURVEYORS OF CULINARY DELIGHTS IN THIS HERE FOOD COURT KNEW ABOUT YOUR LUSTFUL EXTRACURRIC--
GWAH! GWAH!
FREE US! WE'RE ONLY BABIES!
GONE TOO SOON, GWAH!
NNGAH! SHUT UP! I'M TRYING TO SCAM PAD THAI!
GOD DAMNED THIRSTY-ASS GHOSTS COST ME MY DAILY MEAL. THE HELL IS GOING ON WITH MY POWER? NEEDS TO BE, LIKE, A HOLD BUTTON FOR MY BRAIN.
GOTTA GET SUSTENANCE. JUST GOTTA. THEN, I DUNNO, FIGURE OUT THE WHOLE GOING TO DIE THING.
FUCK MY LIFE.

YOU DENNY LITTLE?
DETECTIVES BERG AND ROSEN. CHECK THE BADGES.
HATE TO INTERRUPT YOUR... HEARTY MEAL, BUT WE HAVE SOME *QUESTIONS* FOR YOU.
UHH. SURE?
LOOK, THEY *GAVE* ME THE SAMPLES WILLINGLY. AND THE KETCHUP, WELL, IT'S JUST SITTING THERE--
THIS IS ABOUT *GLADYS GOLDFARB*. YOUR EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT, YEAH?
TAKE A LOOK. SHE'S *DEAD*. APPARENT MURDER-SUICIDE.
JEE-SUSS!
AW NO. GLADYS? SHIT.
I ALWAYS THOUGHT HANK WAS A PRICK, BUT THIS...?
WASN'T HIM. INVESTIGATION'S ONGOING, BUT ALL SIGNS POINT TO *HER* BEING THE MURDERER.
THING IS, WE CAN'T TELL EXACTLY HOW SHE DID HERSELF IN. NO SIGN OF SUICIDE. NO STRUGGLE.
WEIRD. ISN'T IT, MR. LITTLE?

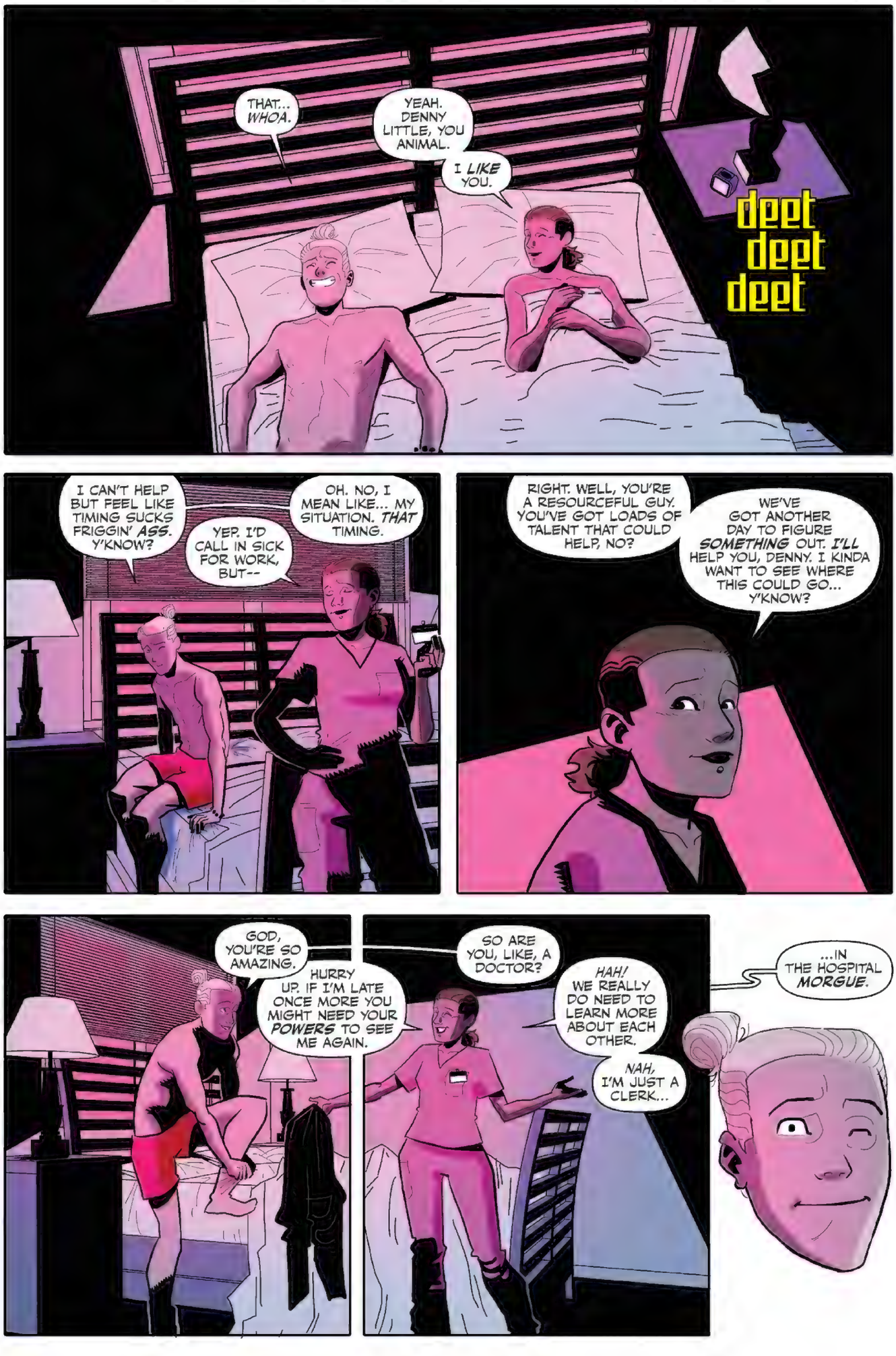
I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED. *OOH*, WAIT--IS THIS LIKE THAT FANCY CABLE SHOW? ARE WE GOING TO ***TEAM UP?***
THE COOL, HIP PSYCHIC HELPS THE STUFFY COPS CRACK THE BIG CASE.
I AM DEFINITELY AVAILABLE FOR IMMEDIATE PAID WORK.
PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO DISCUSS THIS FURTHER OVER SOME NOODLES?
HAH. NO. THAT'S ***NOT*** WHAT THIS IS, MR. LITTLE. BESIDES, NOTHING YOU COULD GIVE US WOULD BE ADMISSIBLE.
AS FAR AS ***WE*** KNOW, ***YOU*** WERE THE LAST PERSON TO SEE MRS. GOLDFARB ALIVE.
ANYTHING... SEEM ***OFF*** YESTERDAY? ANYTHING... ***NOTABLE*** HAPPEN?
I... *HUH*. WAS I? *HMM*. NOPE. *NUH UH*. JUST AN ORDINARY DAY AT THE OL' GRIND.
SHE LOVED HER WORK. TOLD ME, IN FACT, THAT SHE LOOKED VERY FORWARD TO WORKING TODAY--BUT I GAVE HER THE DAY OFF.
BECAUSE SHE LOVED HER WORK SO MUCH, AND HAD NOTHING UNUSUAL OR OF NOTE HAPPENING IN HER LIFE.
IN RELATION TO ME.
SPEAKING OF--I'M VERY BUSY AND MY LUNCH BREAK IS OVER. BACK TO WORK! HOPE YOU FIND YOUR KILL--*ERR*, ***ANSWERS!***
RIGHT. WELL, THANKS FOR YOUR TIME, LITTLE.
WE'LL BE SEEING YOU AROUND. I'M SURE SOMETHING WILL... COME UP THAT WILL NEED YOUR INPUT...

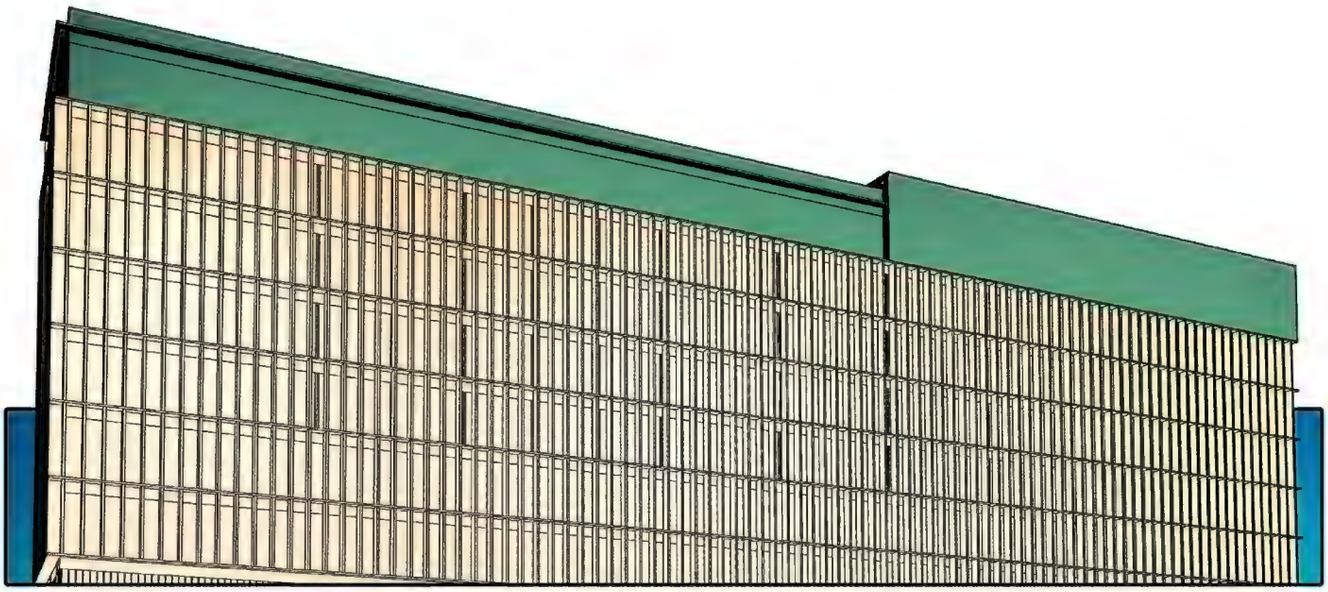
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK...
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK...
FUCK!
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK...
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK...

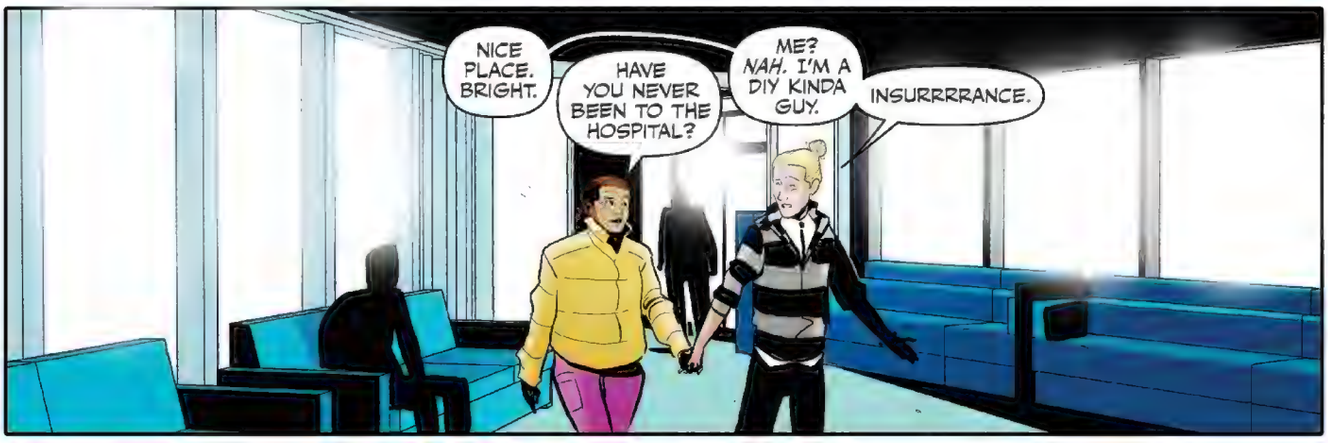

DINGGGG
D-DENNY? HEY. WH-WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE?
HEEEY. I'M SORRY, I--WAIT, WERE YOU... SLEEPING?
I WORK WEIRD SHIFTS AT THE HOSPITAL. IT'S FINE. IS... EVERYTHING OKAY?
I'M SO EMBARRASSED, HENRIETTA. LOOK, I WAS SO TAKEN BY YOU, AND I WANTED TO DO GOOD, AND I THOUGHT I WAS OKAY WITH DYING--
DYING? OH MY GOD.
BUT THE FACT IS, I'M NOT READY, AND I DO CARE, AND... AND--GOD, I'M SO SORRY TO EVEN ASK BUT...
...I NEED TO GET THE MONEY BACK THAT I GAVE YOU.
SOME REALLY, REALLY BAD PEOPLE ARE PROBABLY GOING TO KILL ME OVER IT, AND, WELL, EVERY BIT COUNTS. HAHA. HEH.
OH. WOW. OKAY. YEAH, THAT'S... THAT'S NOT GOOD.
DENNY, I WOULD SO TOTALLY GIVE YOU THE MONEY BACK...
...BUT I DON'T HAVE IT ANYMORE. I ALREADY PAID BACK SOME OF WHAT I OWED.
WHAT ABOUT, LIKE, A BANK LOAN?
YEAH, THOUGHT OF THAT, TRUST ME. THEY TOLD ME MY CREDIT RATING IS "DOG TURD PISSED ON BY RACCOON".
BUT YEAH. NO. OKAY. YEAH NO. LIKE, DON'T... DON'T SWEAT IT. LIKE, AT ALL. SERIOUSLY. ALL GOOD. FOR REALS.
HAH! YOU'RE FUCKED, LITTLE!
SEE YA SOON, CHUMP!

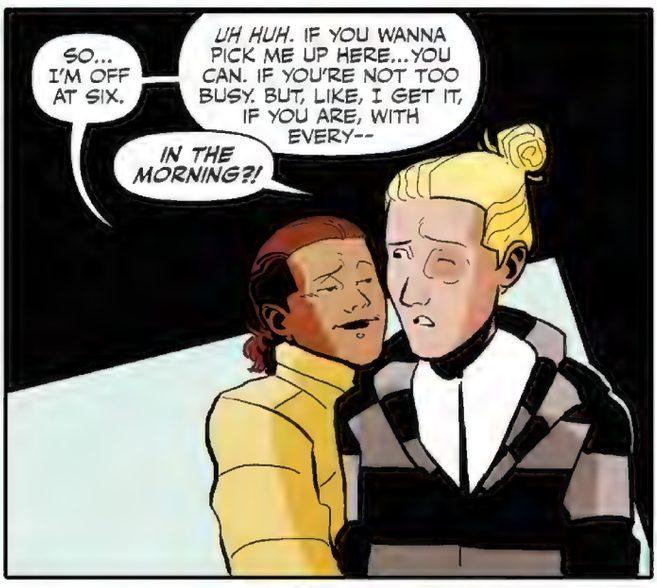
I'M GLAD IT HELPED, HENRIETTA. THAT MAKES ME HAPPY. AND I'M REALLY SORRY I WOKE YOU.
I DUMPED A LOT ON YOU ANNNND YEAH, PRETTY SURE YOU'RE SPOOKED AND DON'T WANNA HAVE SOME WEIRDO PSYCHIC CRIMINAL AROUND.
SOOOO, BYEEEEE!
WAIT! HOLD UP!
I SHOULD THINK YOU'RE CRAZY... BUT I DON'T.
YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT YOU'VE GOT PEOPLE ACTIVELY TRYING TO KILL YOU AND GHOSTS HAUNTING YOU AND YOU *STILL* GAVE ME EVERY DOLLAR YOU HAD?
Y-YEAH. YES.
THAT IS THE SINGLE MOST SELFLESS, ROMANTIC THING I HAVE EVER HEARD.
LIKE... *HOLY SHIT.*
I NEED YOU. NOW.
YEEEAH. FINALLY, SOMETHIN' GOIN' RIGHT FOR OUR BOY DENNY. TREAT 'ER RIGHT, DENNY!
YO! LITTLE! QUIT HORSIN' AROUND AND DO YOUR JOB! GOT A LONG LINE'A SOULS NEEDIN' TA GET OUTTA HERE. SELFISH PRICK.
AY, LET'S GIVE THE HAPPY COUPLE A BREAK. LET 'EM BONE IN PEACE.

NINE MINUTES, THIRTEEN SECONDS LATER


THAT... WHOA.
YEAH. DENNY LITTLE, YOU ANIMAL.
I LIKE YOU.
deet deet deet
I CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL LIKE TIMING SUCKS FRIGGIN' ASS. Y'KNOW?
YEP. I'D CALL IN SICK FOR WORK, BUT--
OH. NO, I MEAN LIKE... MY SITUATION. THAT TIMING.
RIGHT. WELL, YOU'RE A RESOURCEFUL GUY. YOU'VE GOT LOADS OF TALENT THAT COULD HELP, NO?
WE'VE GOT ANOTHER DAY TO FIGURE SOMETHING OUT. I'LL HELP YOU, DENNY. I KINDA WANT TO SEE WHERE THIS COULD GO... Y'KNOW?
GOD, YOU'RE SO AMAZING.
HURRY UP. IF I'M LATE ONCE MORE YOU MIGHT NEED YOUR POWERS TO SEE ME AGAIN.
SO ARE YOU, LIKE, A DOCTOR?
HAH! WE REALLY DO NEED TO LEARN MORE ABOUT EACH OTHER.
NAH, I'M JUST A CLERK...
...IN THE HOSPITAL MORGUE.




NICE PLACE. BRIGHT.
HAVE YOU NEVER BEEN TO THE HOSPITAL?
ME? NAH. I'M A DIY KINDA GUY.
INSURRRRANCE.


SO... I'M OFF AT SIX.
UH HUH. IF YOU WANNA PICK ME UP HERE...YOU CAN. IF YOU'RE NOT TOO BUSY. BUT, LIKE, I GET IT, IF YOU ARE, WITH EVERY--
IN THE MORNING?!

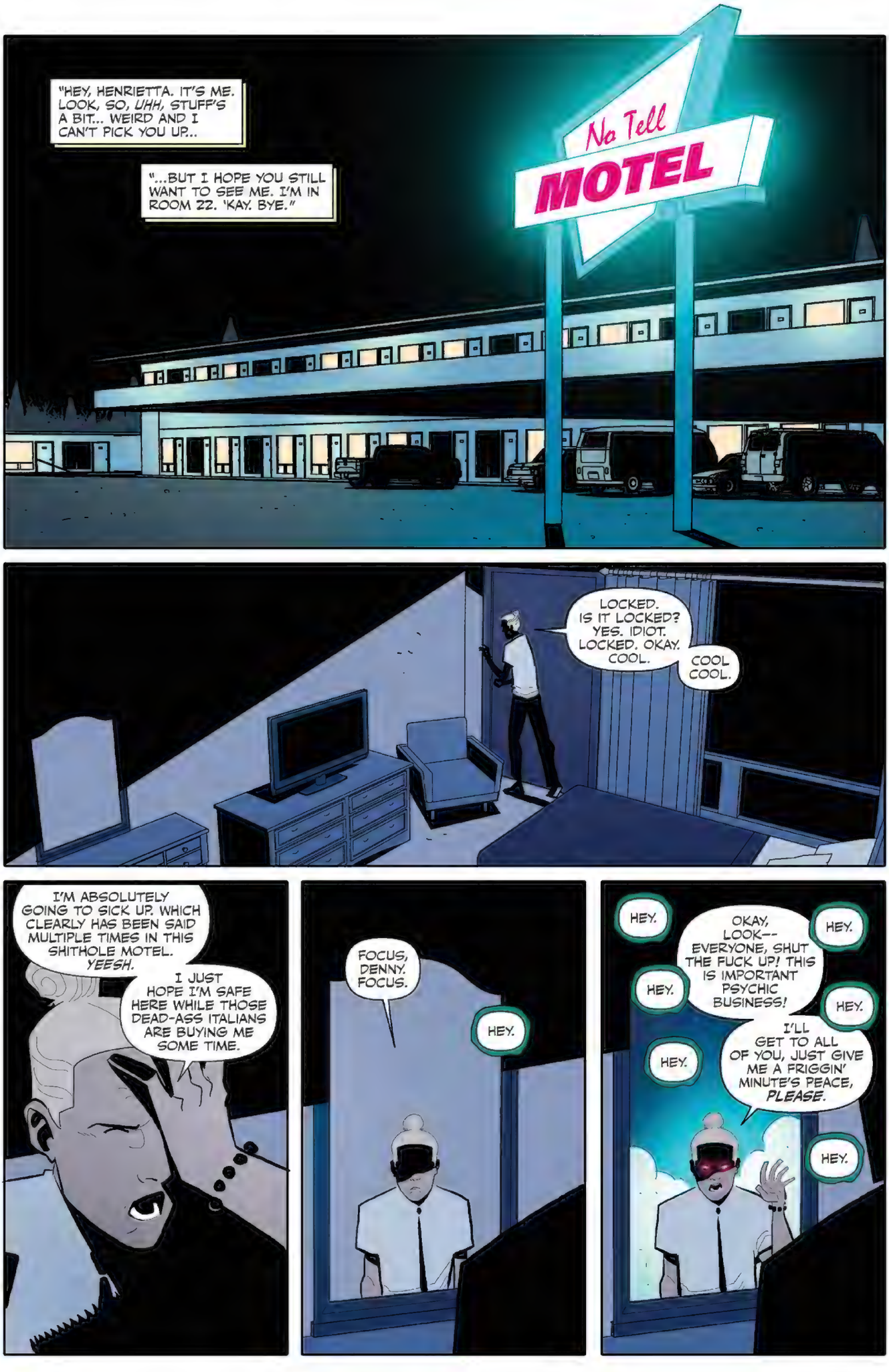
HEY. I BELIEVE IN YOU, DENNY LITTLE.
NOW GO BE GOOD, HANDSOME.

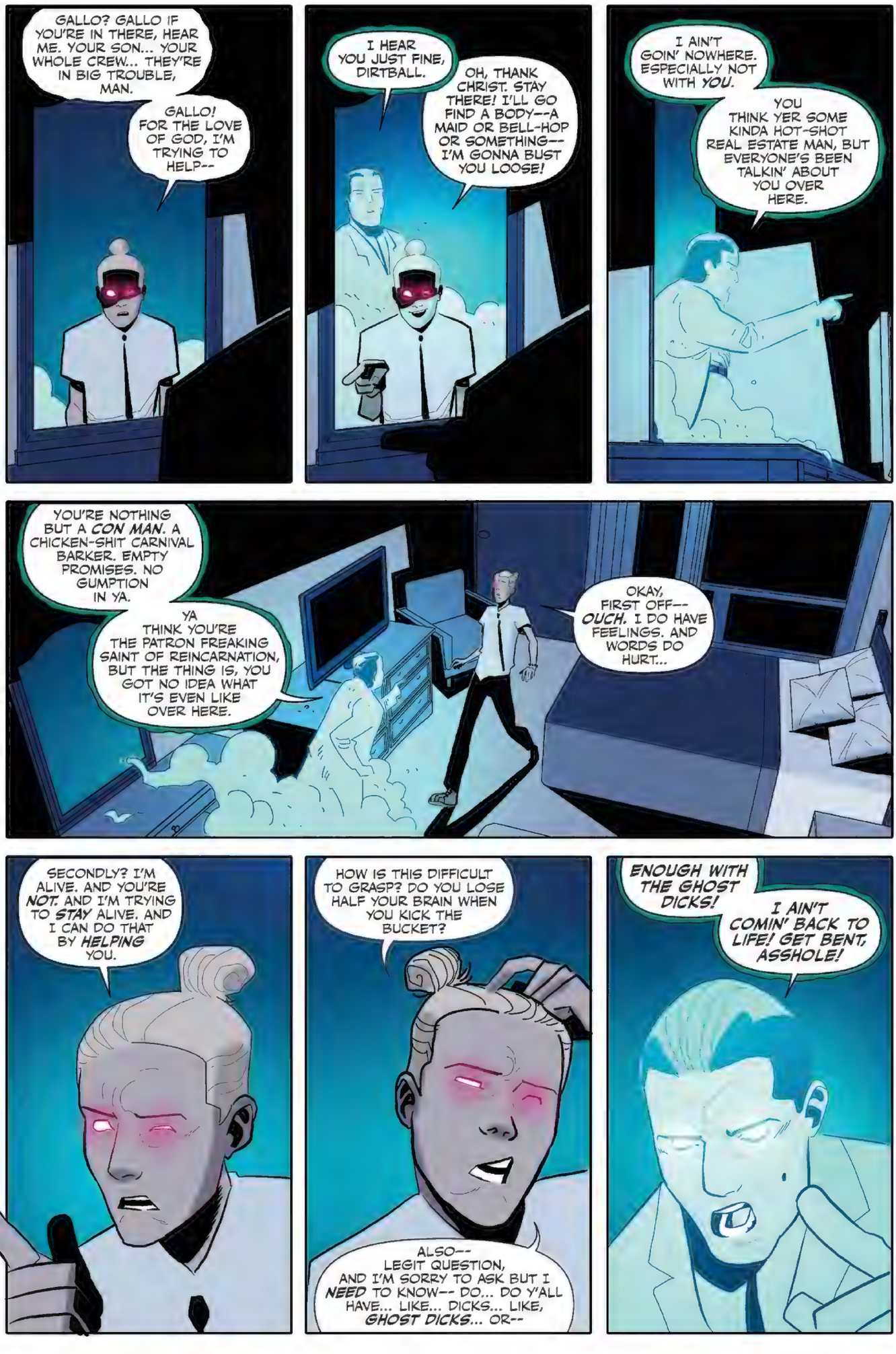
beep
fmmm
HENRIETTA! A MOMENT. PLEASE.
YEAHHH, LOOK, WHEN I SAY "SHIFT STARTS AT SIX," IN REALITY THAT MEANS YOU SHOULD BE HERE, MINIMUM, FIVE FORTY-FIVE.
OH. SO WHY DON'T WE WRITE "FIVE FORTY-FIVE" ON THE SCHEDULE THEN?
WHOA. WOW. *OKAY.* THERE'S A LOT OF UNNECESSARY AGGRESSION HERE...
ALL RIGHT, GALLO. YOU SON OF A BEE. OL' DENNY HAS A LEETTLE SURPRISE-A FOR A-YOU...
...GOTTA BUY SOME TIME. JUST GOTTA. WHAT WAS THAT NAME?

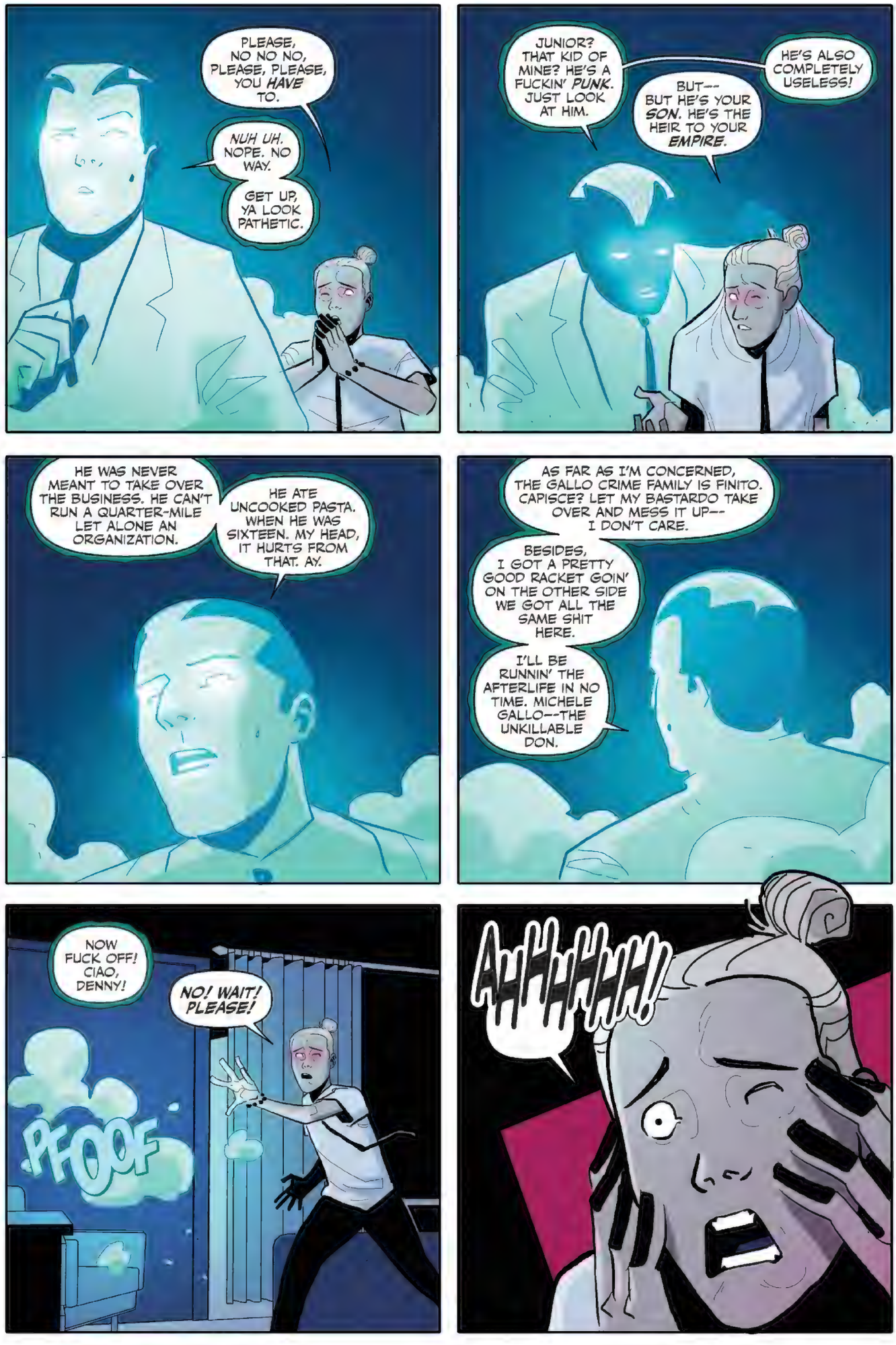
BELL... BELLO... BELLA...
BELLANOVA?
BELLA-BINGO.
BELLANOVA, ANTONIO
HOOH, BOY, THERE'S A LOT OF YOU. GALLO REALLY TRIED TO SNUFF THE FAMILY LINE, EH?
ALL THE MORE FOR ME, YOU LITTLE PRICK.
ATTENTION, BELLANOVAS! TODAY'S YOUR LUCKY DAY--I'M OFFERING Y'ALL A FREEBIE.
I'M SURE YOU'LL BE WANTING TO SORT OUT THE DUDES THAT DONE DID YA DIRTY.
FORGET HELL. LOS ANGELES HATH NO FURY LIKE A MOBSTER SCORNED.
RISE, MY BITCHES, RISE!

GENTLEMEN, A TOAST. TO THE FINEST PILES OF BEAUTIFUL DOGSHIT THIS SICILIAN HAS EVER WHIFFED.
I MEAN THAT WITH A HEART FULL OF LOVE. AND A SAFE FULL OF MONEY. HEH.
AYY.
AYYYY.
AYYYY.
AYY.
"THAT HIPSTER FUCK DENNY LITTLE IS GOING TO DELIVER ONE WAY OR ANOTHER."
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS FROM NOW, WHEN MY FATHER IS BACK AT THIS TABLE, WE WILL TRULY RUN THIS CITY.
DRINK UP, BOYS. REVENGE IS SERVED AND THE BELLANOVAS ARE--
POW
THE BELLANOVAS ARE HERE!
GGGAAALLLOOO
OHHH!
OHHH!
OH!

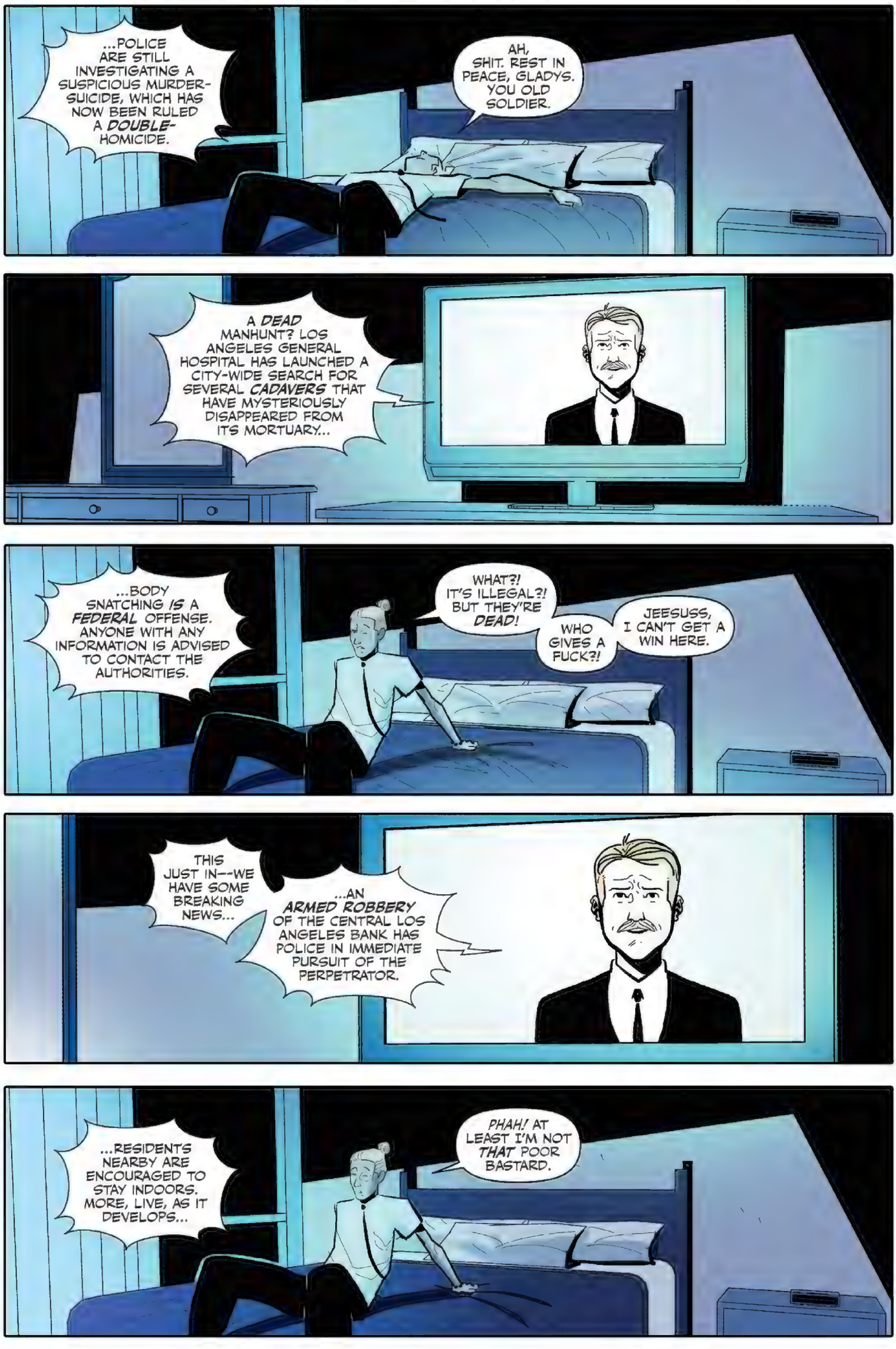
CLEVER, DENNY. REAL CLEVER.
GRRRRRRRRRR
AUGHHHHHH!!!
AYYYY.
OHHH!
AYYYY.
OHHH!
I'M BACK, ASS-HOLE!
NNGAAH!
munch munch
BAHAHA!
HNGLK!
BLRGH
VAFFANCULO!
SHUNK
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!
DENNY. FUCKING. LITTLE.


"HEY, HENRIETTA. IT'S ME. LOOK, SO, UHH, STUFF'S A BIT... WEIRD AND I CAN'T PICK YOU UP..
"...BUT I HOPE YOU STILL WANT TO SEE ME. I'M IN ROOM 22. 'KAY. BYE."
No Tell
MOTEL
LOCKED. IS IT LOCKED? YES. IDIOT. LOCKED. OKAY. COOL.
COOL COOL.
I'M ABSOLUTELY GOING TO SICK UP. WHICH CLEARLY HAS BEEN SAID MULTIPLE TIMES IN THIS SHITHOLE MOTEL. YEESH.
I JUST HOPE I'M SAFE HERE WHILE THOSE DEAD-ASS ITALIANS ARE BUYING ME SOME TIME.
FOCUS, DENNY. FOCUS.
HEY.
HEY.
OKAY, LOOK-- EVERYONE, SHUT THE FUCK UP! THIS IS IMPORTANT PSYCHIC BUSINESS!
HEY.
HEY.
HEY.
I'LL GET TO ALL OF YOU, JUST GIVE ME A FRIGGIN' MINUTE'S PEACE, PLEASE.
HEY.


GALLO? GALLO IF YOU'RE IN THERE, HEAR ME. YOUR SON... YOUR WHOLE CREW... THEY'RE IN BIG TROUBLE, MAN.
GALLO! FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, I'M TRYING TO HELP--
I HEAR YOU JUST FINE, DIRTBALL.
OH, THANK CHRIST. STAY THERE! I'LL GO FIND A BODY--A MAID OR BELL-HOP OR SOMETHING-- I'M GONNA BUST YOU LOOSE!
I AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE. ESPECIALLY NOT WITH *YOU*.
YOU THINK YER SOME KINDA HOT-SHOT REAL ESTATE MAN, BUT EVERYONE'S BEEN TALKIN' ABOUT YOU OVER HERE.
YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A *CON MAN*. A CHICKEN-SHIT CARNIVAL BARKER. EMPTY PROMISES. NO GUMPTION IN YA.
YA THINK YOU'RE THE PATRON FREAKING SAINT OF REINCARNATION, BUT THE THING IS, YOU GOT NO IDEA WHAT IT'S EVEN LIKE OVER HERE.
OKAY, FIRST OFF-- *OUCH*. I DO HAVE FEELINGS. AND WORDS DO HURT...
SECONDLY? I'M ALIVE. AND YOU'RE *NOT*. AND I'M TRYING TO *STAY* ALIVE. AND I CAN DO THAT BY *HELPING* YOU.
HOW IS THIS DIFFICULT TO GRASP? DO YOU LOSE HALF YOUR BRAIN WHEN YOU KICK THE BUCKET?
ALSO-- LEGIT QUESTION, AND I'M SORRY TO ASK BUT I *NEED* TO KNOW-- DO... DO Y'ALL HAVE... LIKE... DICKS... LIKE, *GHOST DICKS*... OR--
ENOUGH WITH THE GHOST DICKS!
I AIN'T COMIN' BACK TO LIFE! GET BENT, ASSHOLE!

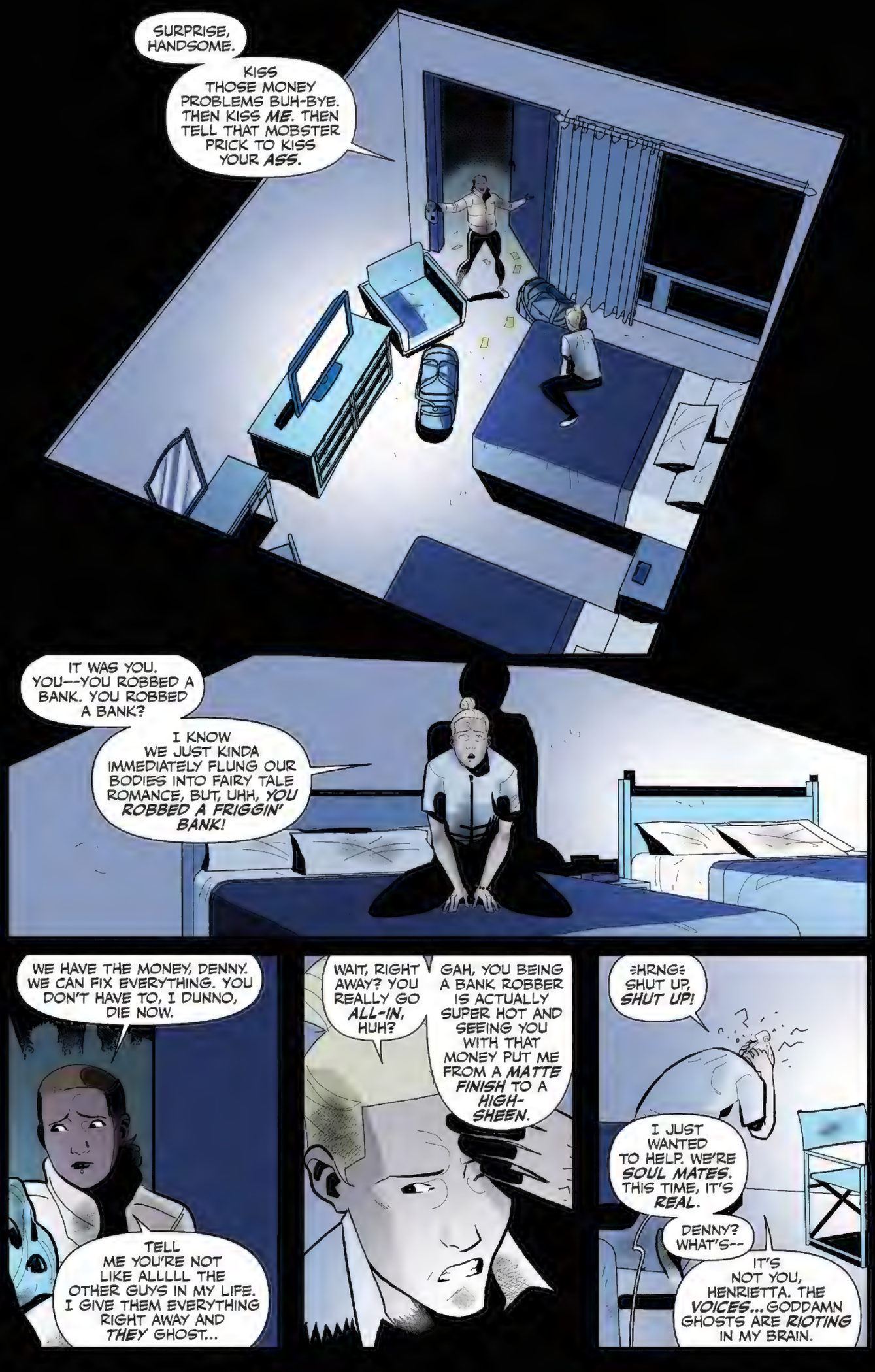

PLEASE, NO NO NO, PLEASE, PLEASE, YOU *HAVE* TO.
NUH UH. NOPE. NO WAY.
GET UP, YA LOOK PATHETIC.
JUNIOR? THAT KID OF MINE? HE'S A FUCKIN' *PUNK.* JUST LOOK AT HIM.
BUT-- BUT HE'S YOUR *SON.* HE'S THE HEIR TO YOUR *EMPIRE.*
HE'S ALSO COMPLETELY USELESS!
HE WAS NEVER MEANT TO TAKE OVER THE BUSINESS. HE CAN'T RUN A QUARTER-MILE LET ALONE AN ORGANIZATION.
HE ATE UNCOOKED PASTA. WHEN HE WAS SIXTEEN. MY HEAD, IT HURTS FROM THAT. AY.
AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, THE GALLO CRIME FAMILY IS FINITO. CAPISCE? LET MY BASTARDO TAKE OVER AND MESS IT UP-- I DON'T CARE.
BESIDES, I GOT A PRETTY GOOD RACKET GOIN' ON THE OTHER SIDE WE GOT ALL THE SAME SHIT HERE.
I'LL BE RUNNIN' THE AFTERLIFE IN NO TIME. MICHELE GALLO--THE UNKILLABLE DON.
NOW FUCK OFF! CIAO, DENNY!
NO! WAIT! PLEASE!
POOF
AHHHHHH!

FOUR HOURS LATER


...POLICE ARE STILL INVESTIGATING A SUSPICIOUS MURDER-SUICIDE, WHICH HAS NOW BEEN RULED A DOUBLE-HOMICIDE.
AH, SHIT. REST IN PEACE, GLADYS. YOU OLD SOLDIER.
A DEAD MANHUNT? LOS ANGELES GENERAL HOSPITAL HAS LAUNCHED A CITY-WIDE SEARCH FOR SEVERAL CADAVERS THAT HAVE MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED FROM IT'S MORTUARY...
...BODY SNATCHING IS A FEDERAL OFFENSE. ANYONE WITH ANY INFORMATION IS ADVISED TO CONTACT THE AUTHORITIES.
WHAT?! IT'S ILLEGAL?! BUT THEY'RE DEAD!
WHO GIVES A FUCK?!
JEESUSS, I CAN'T GET A WIN HERE.
THIS JUST IN--WE HAVE SOME BREAKING NEWS...
...AN ARMED ROBBERY OF THE CENTRAL LOS ANGELES BANK HAS POLICE IN IMMEDIATE PURSUIT OF THE PERPETRATOR.
...RESIDENTS NEARBY ARE ENCOURAGED TO STAY INDOORS. MORE, LIVE, AS IT DEVELOPS...
PHAH! AT LEAST I'M NOT THAT POOR BASTARD.

nok nok nok nok
SERIOUSLY, WHICH FRIGGING IDIOT THINKS THEY CAN GET AWAY WITH ROBBING A FRIGGING BANK?
THUD
DENNY, BABY...
...I THINK WE JUST SOLVED OUR MONEY PROBLEM!

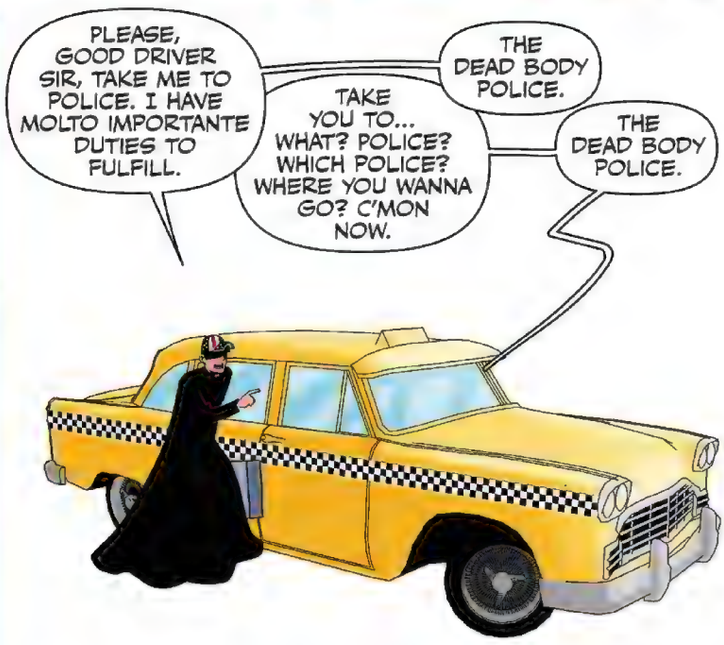
PART 03

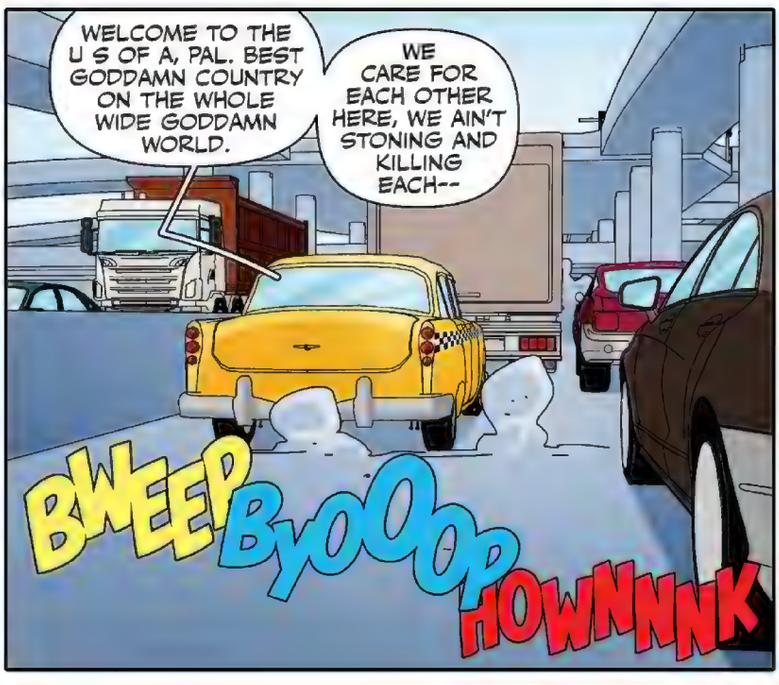

SURPRISE, HANDSOME.
KISS THOSE MONEY PROBLEMS BUH-BYE. THEN KISS ME. THEN TELL THAT MOBSTER PRICK TO KISS YOUR ASS.
IT WAS YOU. YOU--YOU ROBBED A BANK. YOU ROBBED A BANK?
I KNOW WE JUST KINDA IMMEDIATELY FLUNG OUR BODIES INTO FAIRY TALE ROMANCE, BUT, UHH, YOU ROBBED A FRIGGIN' BANK!
WE HAVE THE MONEY, DENNY. WE CAN FIX EVERYTHING. YOU DON'T HAVE TO, I DUNNO, DIE NOW.
TELL ME YOU'RE NOT LIKE ALLLLL THE OTHER GUYS IN MY LIFE. I GIVE THEM EVERYTHING RIGHT AWAY AND THEY GHOST...
WAIT, RIGHT AWAY? YOU REALLY GO ALL-IN, HUH?
GAH, YOU BEING A BANK ROBBER IS ACTUALLY SUPER HOT AND SEEING YOU WITH THAT MONEY PUT ME FROM A MATTE FINISH TO A HIGH-SHEEN.
=HRNG= SHUT UP, SHUT UP!
I JUST WANTED TO HELP. WE'RE SOUL MATES. THIS TIME, IT'S REAL.
DENNY? WHAT'S--
IT'S NOT YOU, HENRIETTA. THE VOICES... GODDAMN GHOSTS ARE RIOTING IN MY BRAIN.

DENNNNY...
DENNY!
WE WANT OUT, LITTLE!
--HAUNT YOUR ASS!
WAIT 'TILL WE GET YOU DOWN HERE.
ANSWER ME!
COME WITH ME. I'M GOING TO RUN A BATH. I'M GOING TO PUT YOU IN THAT BATH. YOU'RE GOING TO SUBMERGE YOURSELF AND LET THAT WATER CLOG UP YOUR EARS.
IT DOESN'T =HNNG= WORK LIKE THAT, THE VOICES DON'T GO THROUGH MY EARS. IT'S ALL IN MY BIG, DUMB FRIGGING HEAD.
BESIDES. NO =MPH= BATH HERE.
YOU'RE A PIECE OF CRAP, DENNARD. YOU NEVER VISITED ME WHEN I WAS SICK.
M-MOM? MOM, PLEASE--
I WOULDA TURNED YOU AWAY. YOU WERE BORN AN IDIOT. YOU WERE A WASTE OF FLESH!
STOP! STOP! FUCKING STOP IT! I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE!
I HATE THIS! I HATE ALL OF YOU! THIS IS A FUCKING CURSE!
THEY-- THEY'RE QUIET. Y-YOU...
TOLD YA. SOUL MATES.

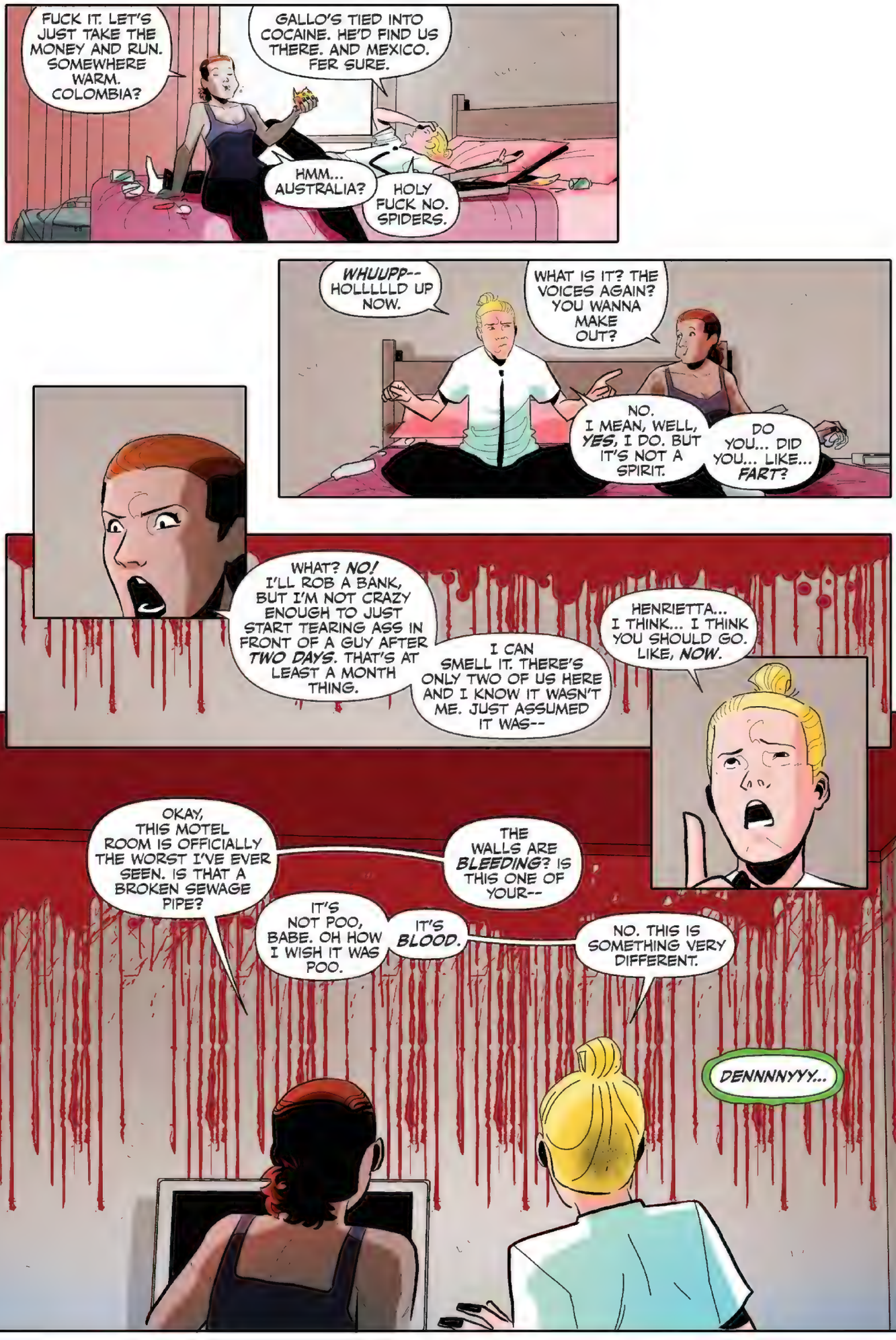
LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT
FINALLY. THE AIR IS SO *KOFF* FREE. I CAN SMELL THE FREEDOM.
NO BEGGARS. NO HORSE'S URINE. SUCH MODERN CONVENIENCE EVERYWHERE THE EYE CAN SEE.
AND-- HOW YOU SAY--HOT'A DOGS.

LONG'A LIVE AMERICA, EH?!
DON'T YOU TOUCH MY FUCKING KID, YOU CREEPY PRICK!
AMERICAN, YES! I LOVE IT!


PLEASE, GOOD DRIVER SIR, TAKE ME TO POLICE. I HAVE MOLTO IMPORTANTE DUTIES TO FULFILL.
TAKE YOU TO... WHAT? POLICE? WHICH POLICE? WHERE YOU WANNA GO? C'MON NOW.
THE DEAD BODY POLICE.
THE DEAD BODY POLICE.

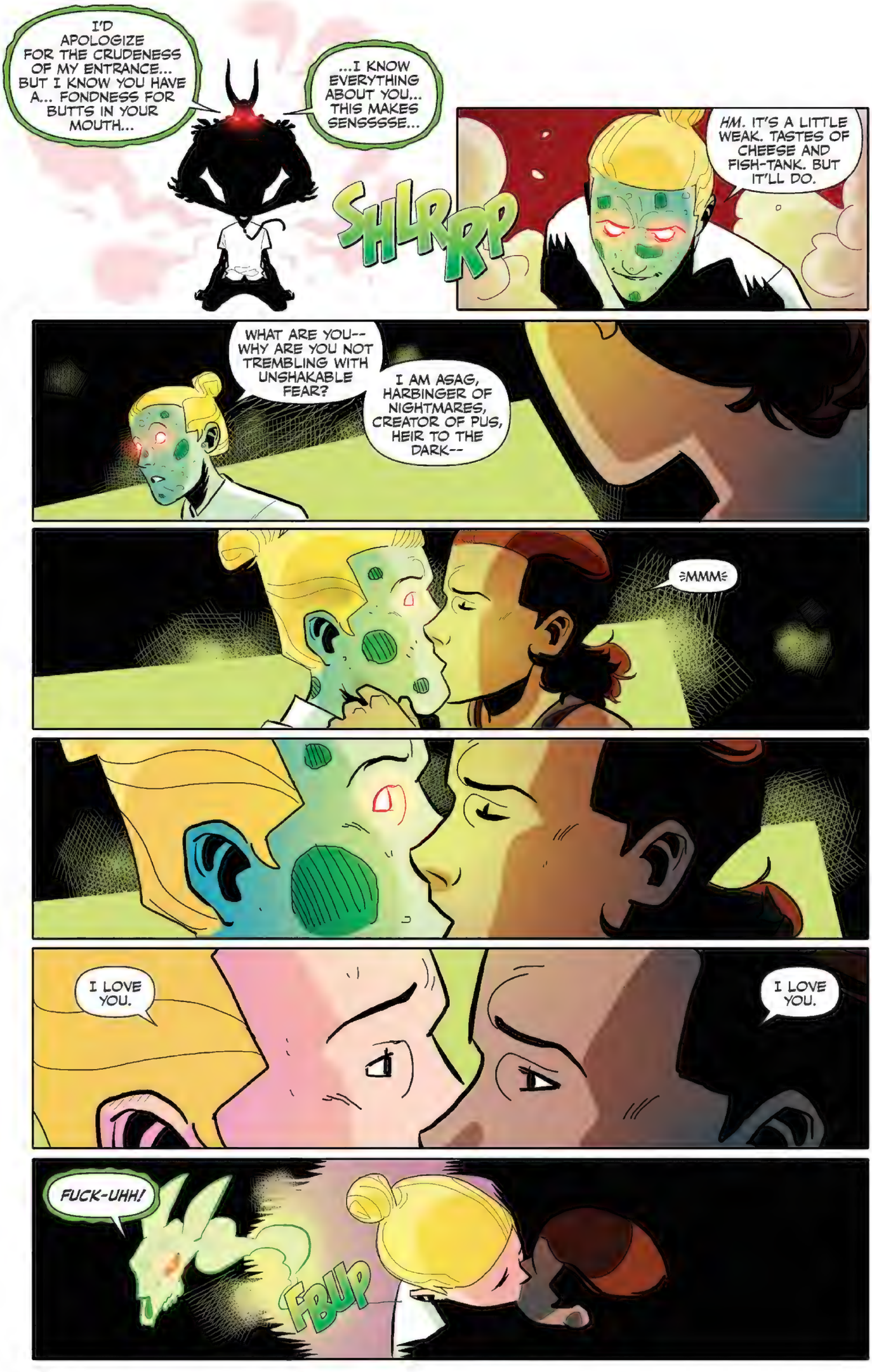

WELCOME TO THE U S OF A, PAL. BEST GODDAMN COUNTRY ON THE WHOLE WIDE GODDAMN WORLD.
WE CARE FOR EACH OTHER HERE, WE AIN'T STONING AND KILLING EACH--
BWEEP BYOOOP HOWNNNK

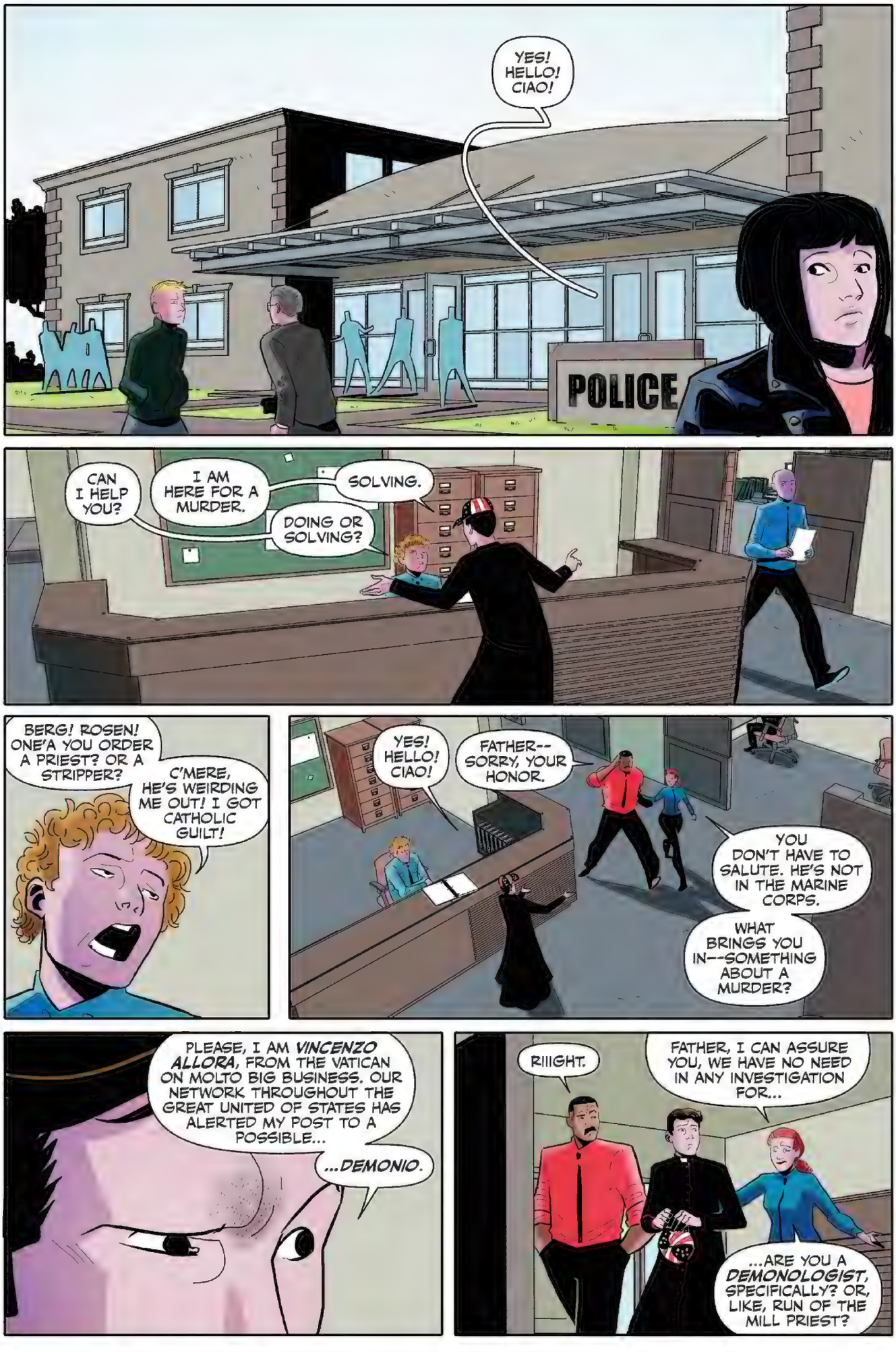
OH FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, I GOTTA FUCKIN' PRIEST HERE LET'S GET A FUCKIN' MOVE ON! C'MON!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU ASSHOLES, YER MOTHERS SHIT YOU OUT AND KICK YOU IN THE FUCKIN' HEADS?!

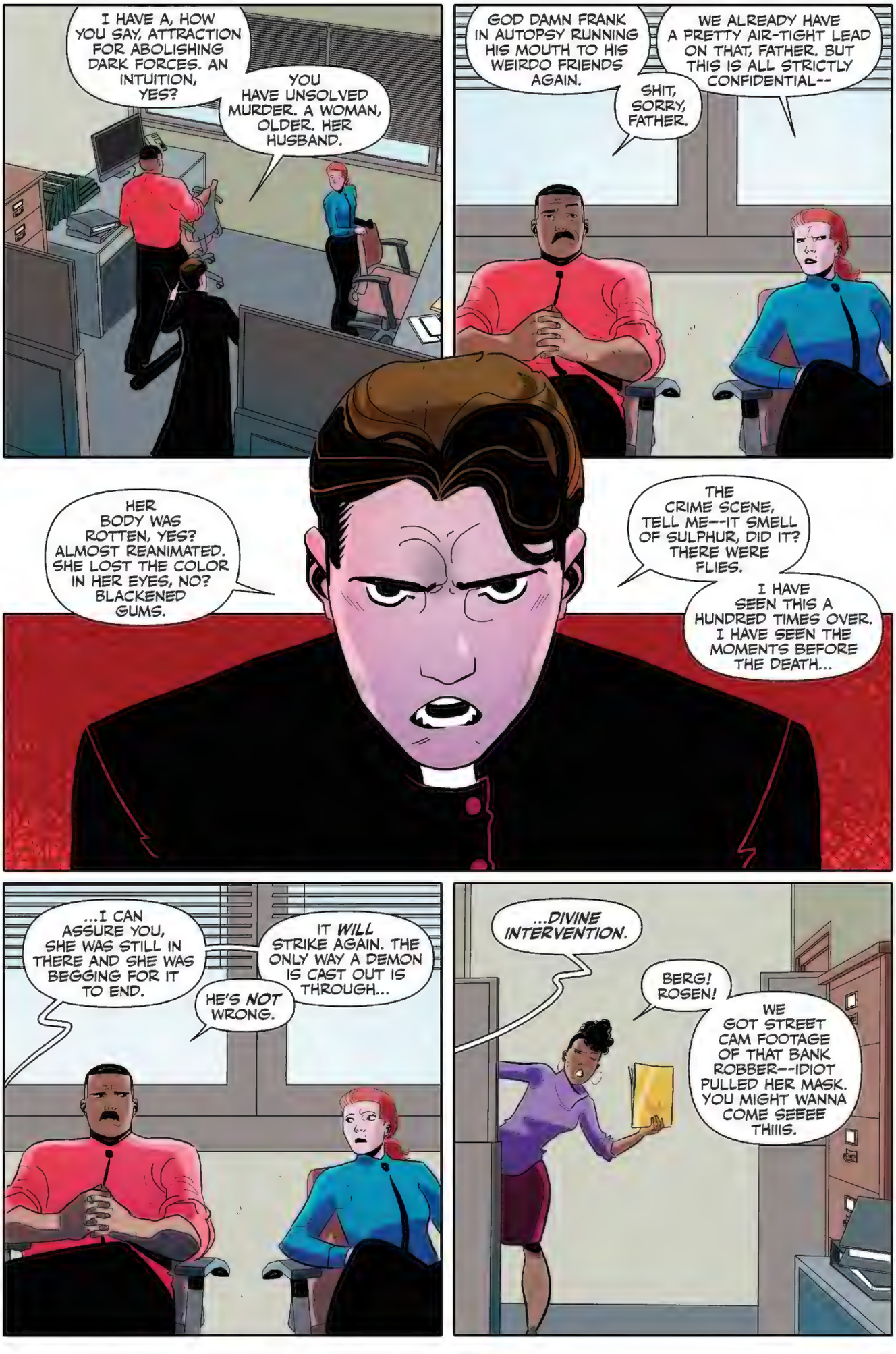

FUCK IT. LET'S JUST TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN. SOMEWHERE WARM. COLOMBIA?
GALLO'S TIED INTO COCAINE. HE'D FIND US THERE. AND MEXICO. FER SURE.
HMM... AUSTRALIA?
HOLY FUCK NO. SPIDERS.
WHUUPP-- HOLLLLLD UP NOW.
WHAT IS IT? THE VOICES AGAIN? YOU WANNA MAKE OUT?
NO. I MEAN, WELL, YES, I DO. BUT IT'S NOT A SPIRIT.
DO YOU... DID YOU... LIKE... FART?
WHAT? NO! I'LL ROB A BANK, BUT I'M NOT CRAZY ENOUGH TO JUST START TEARING ASS IN FRONT OF A GUY AFTER TWO DAYS. THAT'S AT LEAST A MONTH THING.
I CAN SMELL IT. THERE'S ONLY TWO OF US HERE AND I KNOW IT WASN'T ME. JUST ASSUMED IT WAS--
HENRIETTA... I THINK... I THINK YOU SHOULD GO. LIKE, NOW.
OKAY, THIS MOTEL ROOM IS OFFICIALLY THE WORST I'VE EVER SEEN. IS THAT A BROKEN SEWAGE PIPE?
THE WALLS ARE BLEEDING? IS THIS ONE OF YOUR--
IT'S NOT POO, BABE. OH HOW I WISH IT WAS POO.
IT'S BLOOD.
NO. THIS IS SOMETHING VERY DIFFERENT.
DENNNNYYY...

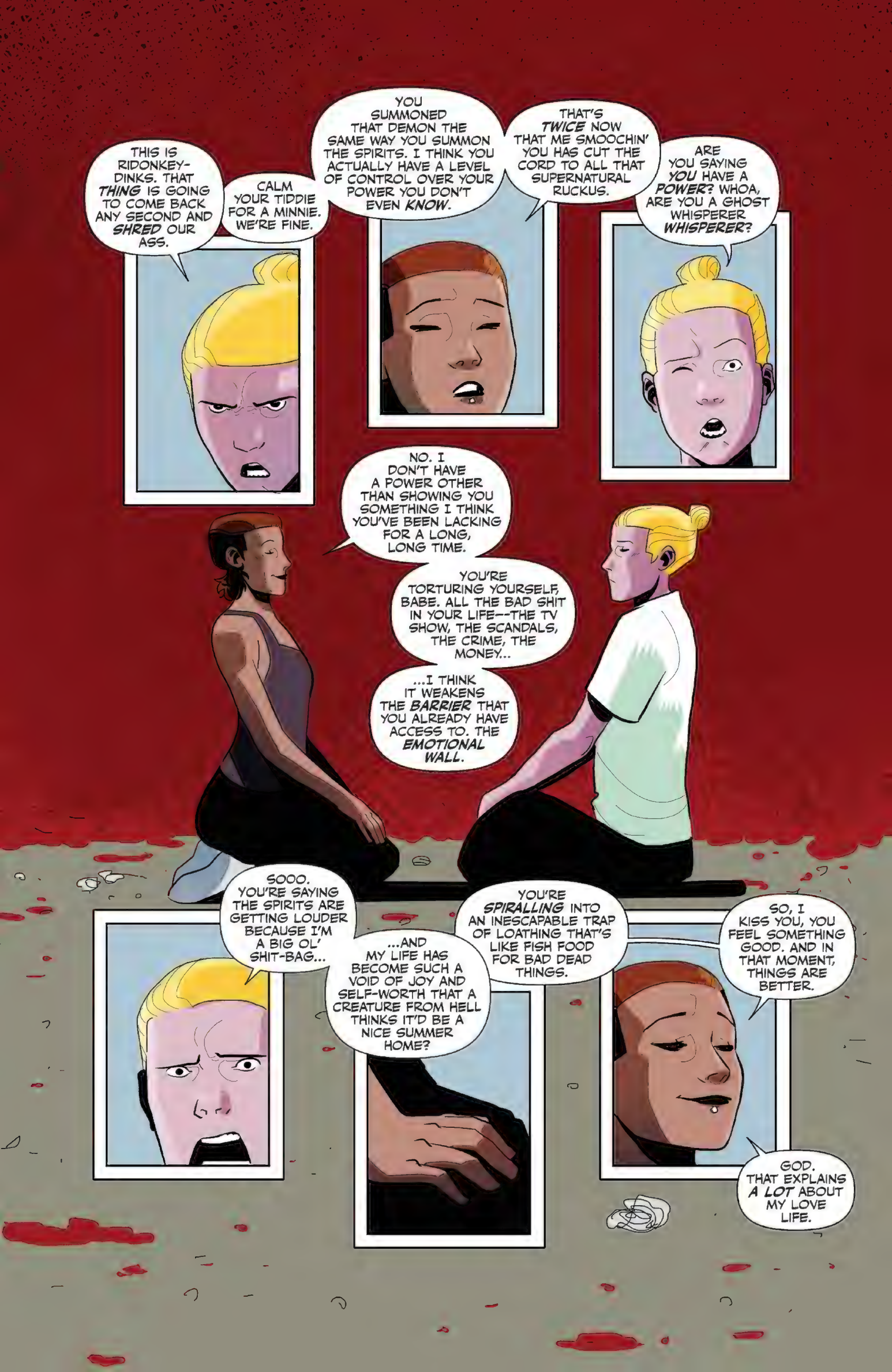
WHAT THE FUUUUUCK.
PLEASE, BABE. HAUL ASS, I'M TELLING YOU.
NUH UH, HELL NO, I'M NOT LEAVING YOU.
...HELL OF A COCK-ROACH...
KRRRRRR
DENNNNYYY...
...YOUUU BROUGHT ME HERE...
...INCOMPLETE...
...FINISHHH.
NOW LISTEN HERE, FUCK-BUTT. I PAID GOOD MONEY FOR THIS ROOM AND UNDER THE INNKEEPERS ACT OF 1882 I AM LEGALLY ALLOWED MY PRIVACY.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF SPIRIT YOU ARE OR WHAT KIND OF WHINY BITCH-ASS SHIT YOU'RE TRYING TO PULL, BUT IT DON'T FLY IN MY SUITE, BUSTER BROWN.
YOU WILL COMPLETE YOUR TASK... OR I'LL TAKE YOUR SOUL WITH ME FROM WHENCE YOU REMOVED ME...
...DENNY LITTLE... YOU WILL GIVE ME A HUMAN BODY.

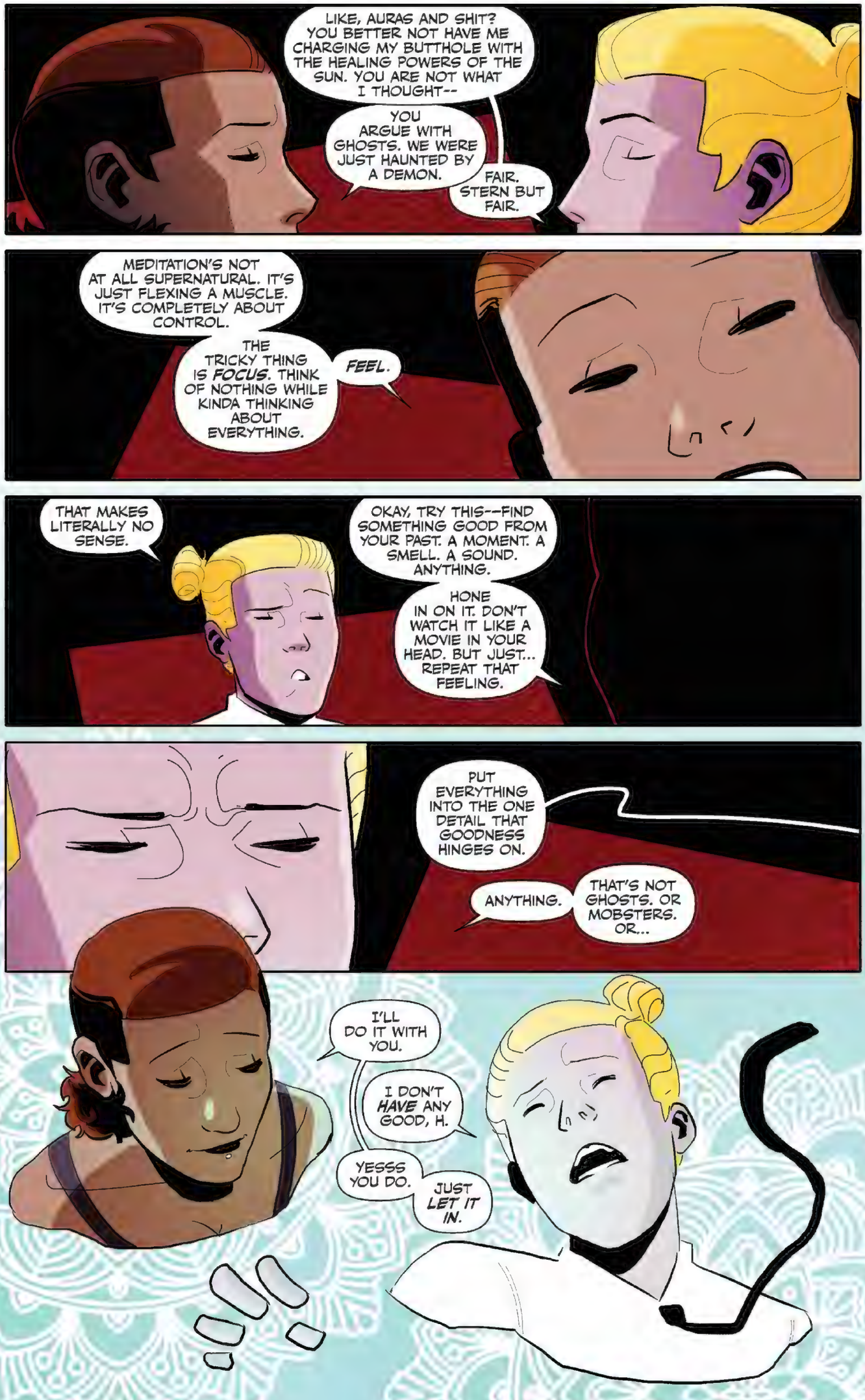
I SWEAR TO GOD I AM FRIGGIN' OVER THIS FIND-A-BODY SHIT.
FINE. I'LL GET YOU A BODY. I'M SURE THERE'S, LIKE, SOME MEAT-HEAD DOUCHE-BRO IN THE PARKING LOT THAT'LL FIT YOU LIKE A GLOVE.
YOU. I WANT YOU. *YOUR* BODY. DESPITE BEING AN UNINTELLIGENT CUNT, YOU POSSESS WHAT I DESIRE.
=HNGLK=
YOU ACCESS BOTH PLANES. THIS IS VERY IDEAL FOR A DEMON WHO WISHES TO OPERATE FROM YOUR WORLD.
IT WAS *YOU*--YOU KILLED GLADYS! I TRIED TO PUT GALLO IN HER, BUT YOU SOMEHOW WEASELLED YOURSELF IN.
THE WHORE COULDN'T HANDLE ME.
GLADYS GOLDFARB WAS A SAINT! YOU HEAR ME? A SAINT!
AND A TOTAL GILF!
BOTTOM'S UP.
THE ONLY ONE GETTING THEMSELF INSIDE *MY* BOYFRIEND'S BODY IS *ME!*
NGRAH! INSIGNIFICANT!
BEGONE!
ACK!


I'D APOLOGIZE FOR THE CRUDENESS OF MY ENTRANCE... BUT I KNOW YOU HAVE A... FONDNESS FOR BUTTS IN YOUR MOUTH...
...I KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU... THIS MAKES SENSSSSE...
SHLRRP
HM. IT'S A LITTLE WEAK. TASTES OF CHEESE AND FISH-TANK. BUT IT'LL DO.
WHAT ARE YOU-- WHY ARE YOU NOT TREMBLING WITH UNSHAKABLE FEAR?
I AM ASAG, HARBINGER OF NIGHTMARES, CREATOR OF PUS, HEIR TO THE DARK--
=MMM=
I LOVE YOU.
I LOVE YOU.
FUCK-UHH!
FBUP

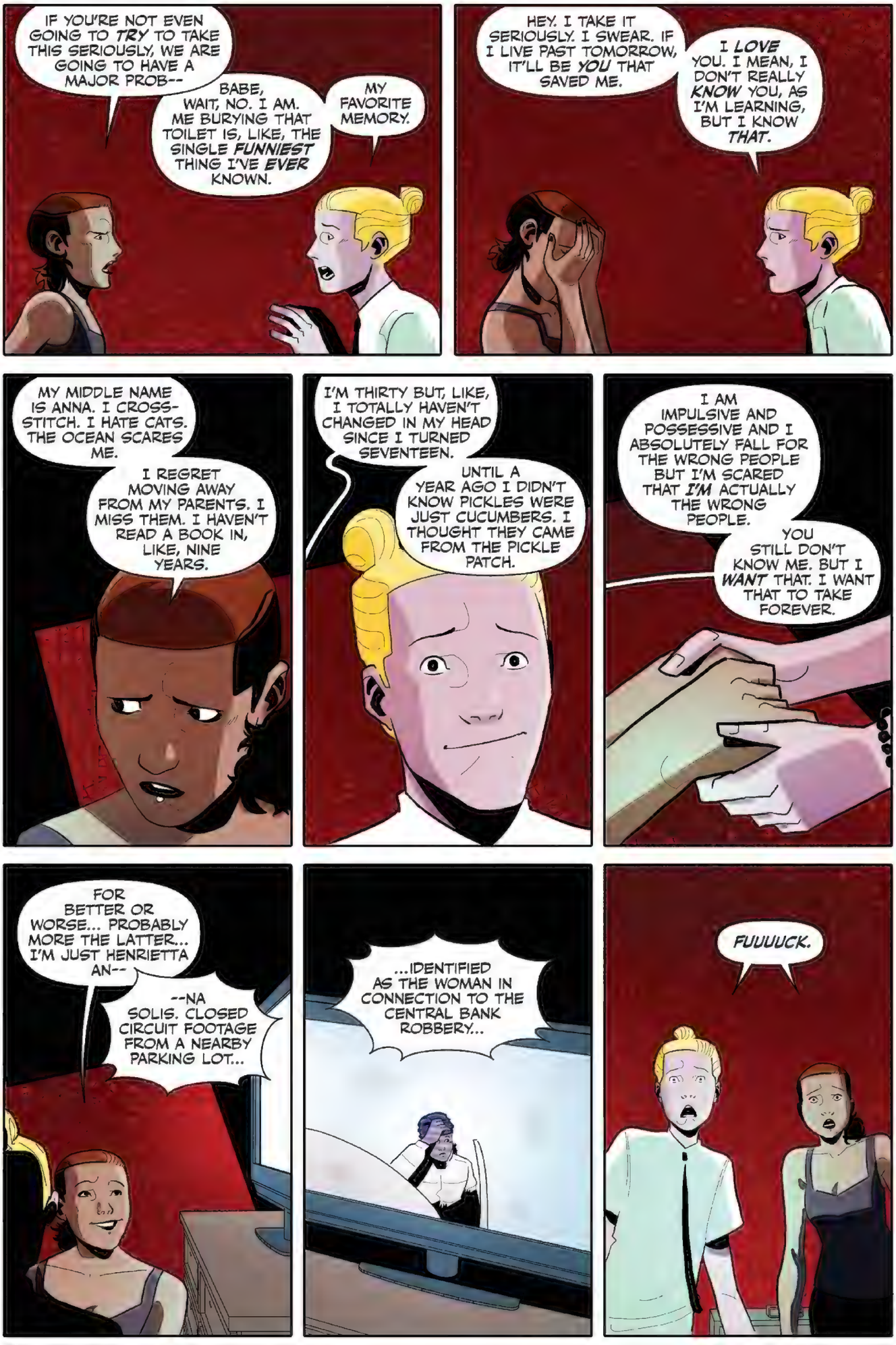

YES! HELLO! CIAO!
POLICE
CAN I HELP YOU?
I AM HERE FOR A MURDER.
SOLVING.
DOING OR SOLVING?
BERG! ROSEN! ONE'A YOU ORDER A PRIEST? OR A STRIPPER?
C'MERE, HE'S WEIRDING ME OUT! I GOT CATHOLIC GUILT!
YES! HELLO! CIAO!
FATHER-- SORRY, YOUR HONOR.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO SALUTE. HE'S NOT IN THE MARINE CORPS.
WHAT BRINGS YOU IN--SOMETHING ABOUT A MURDER?
PLEASE, I AM VINCENZO ALLORA, FROM THE VATICAN ON MOLTO BIG BUSINESS. OUR NETWORK THROUGHOUT THE GREAT UNITED OF STATES HAS ALERTED MY POST TO A POSSIBLE...
...DEMONIO.
RIIIGHT.
FATHER, I CAN ASSURE YOU, WE HAVE NO NEED IN ANY INVESTIGATION FOR...
...ARE YOU A DEMONOLOGIST, SPECIFICALLY? OR, LIKE, RUN OF THE MILL PRIEST?


I HAVE A, HOW YOU SAY, ATTRACTION FOR ABOLISHING DARK FORCES. AN INTUITION, YES?
YOU HAVE UNSOLVED MURDER. A WOMAN, OLDER. HER HUSBAND.
GOD DAMN FRANK IN AUTOPSY RUNNING HIS MOUTH TO HIS WEIRDO FRIENDS AGAIN.
SHIT, SORRY, FATHER.
WE ALREADY HAVE A PRETTY AIR-TIGHT LEAD ON THAT, FATHER. BUT THIS IS ALL STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL--
HER BODY WAS ROTTEN, YES? ALMOST REANIMATED. SHE LOST THE COLOR IN HER EYES, NO? BLACKENED GUMS.
THE CRIME SCENE, TELL ME--IT SMELL OF SULPHUR, DID IT? THERE WERE FLIES.
I HAVE SEEN THIS A HUNDRED TIMES OVER. I HAVE SEEN THE MOMENTS BEFORE THE DEATH...
...I CAN ASSURE YOU, SHE WAS STILL IN THERE AND SHE WAS BEGGING FOR IT TO END.
IT *WILL* STRIKE AGAIN. THE ONLY WAY A DEMON IS CAST OUT IS THROUGH...
HE'S *NOT* WRONG.
...*DIVINE INTERVENTION.*
BERG! ROSEN!
WE GOT STREET CAM FOOTAGE OF THAT BANK ROBBER--IDIOT PULLED HER MASK. YOU MIGHT WANNA COME SEEEE THIIIS.


THIS IS RIDONKEY-DINKS. THAT THING IS GOING TO COME BACK ANY SECOND AND SHRED OUR ASS.
CALM YOUR TIDDIE FOR A MINNIE. WE'RE FINE.
YOU SUMMONED THAT DEMON THE SAME WAY YOU SUMMON THE SPIRITS. I THINK YOU ACTUALLY HAVE A LEVEL OF CONTROL OVER YOUR POWER YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW.
THAT'S TWICE NOW THAT ME SMOOCHIN' YOU HAS CUT THE CORD TO ALL THAT SUPERNATURAL RUCKUS.
ARE YOU SAYING YOU HAVE A POWER? WHOA, ARE YOU A GHOST WHISPERER WHISPERER?
NO. I DON'T HAVE A POWER OTHER THAN SHOWING YOU SOMETHING I THINK YOU'VE BEEN LACKING FOR A LONG, LONG TIME.
YOU'RE TORTURING YOURSELF, BABE. ALL THE BAD SHIT IN YOUR LIFE--THE TV SHOW, THE SCANDALS, THE CRIME, THE MONEY...
...I THINK IT WEAKENS THE BARRIER THAT YOU ALREADY HAVE ACCESS TO. THE EMOTIONAL WALL.
SOOO. YOU'RE SAYING THE SPIRITS ARE GETTING LOUDER BECAUSE I'M A BIG OL' SHIT-BAG...
...AND MY LIFE HAS BECOME SUCH A VOID OF JOY AND SELF-WORTH THAT A CREATURE FROM HELL THINKS IT'D BE A NICE SUMMER HOME?
YOU'RE SPIRALLING INTO AN INESCAPABLE TRAP OF LOATHING THAT'S LIKE FISH FOOD FOR BAD DEAD THINGS.
SO, I KISS YOU, YOU FEEL SOMETHING GOOD. AND IN THAT MOMENT, THINGS ARE BETTER.
GOD. THAT EXPLAINS A LOT ABOUT MY LOVE LIFE.


LIKE, AURAS AND SHIT? YOU BETTER NOT HAVE ME CHARGING MY BUTTHOLE WITH THE HEALING POWERS OF THE SUN. YOU ARE NOT WHAT I THOUGHT--
YOU ARGUE WITH GHOSTS. WE WERE JUST HAUNTED BY A DEMON.
FAIR. STERN BUT FAIR.
MEDITATION'S NOT AT ALL SUPERNATURAL. IT'S JUST FLEXING A MUSCLE. IT'S COMPLETELY ABOUT CONTROL.
THE TRICKY THING IS *FOCUS*. THINK OF NOTHING WHILE KINDA THINKING ABOUT EVERYTHING.
FEEL.
THAT MAKES LITERALLY NO SENSE.
OKAY, TRY THIS--FIND SOMETHING GOOD FROM YOUR PAST. A MOMENT. A SMELL. A SOUND. ANYTHING.
HONE IN ON IT. DON'T WATCH IT LIKE A MOVIE IN YOUR HEAD. BUT JUST... REPEAT THAT FEELING.
PUT EVERYTHING INTO THE ONE DETAIL THAT GOODNESS HINGES ON.
ANYTHING.
THAT'S NOT GHOSTS. OR MOBSTERS. OR...
I'LL DO IT WITH YOU.
I DON'T *HAVE* ANY GOOD, H.
YESSS YOU DO.
JUST *LET IT IN*.

WE'RE HERE NOW. TOGETHER. CAN YOU FEEL?
YOUR EYELIDS ARE A CANVAS.
WHEN I WAS FIVE I FELT GRASS ON MY BARE LEGS. IT DIDN'T ITCH ME.
COLORS ARE SHAPES.
IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I FELT AUTONOMY.
I SAT THERE IN THE SUN. I FELT MYSELF PART OF THIS EARTH.
BREATHING WITH YOUR WHOLE BODY.
I DREW A PICTURE. IN CRAYON. SITTING ON THE GRASS IN THE FRONT YARD. I MADE SOMETHING.
I CAN FEEL YOU, DENNY. I CAN FEEL OUR SOULS INTERTWINING.
I MADE *ART*. I FELT *PRIDE*. I DREW A TOILET. STINK LINES AND FLIES CAME OUT OF THE BOWL.
I FEEL IT T-- *UHHH*....
I WORRIED MY MOTHER WOULD FIND IT.
DENNY, I DON'T THINK--
I DUG A HOLE IN THE FRONT YARD. DIRT SOFT BETWEEN MY FINGERS.
I BURIED IT. I BURIED THE DRAWING OF THE STINKY TOILET IN THE FRONT YARD.
MOM DIED. SHE NEVER KNEW.


IF YOU'RE NOT EVEN GOING TO TRY TO TAKE THIS SERIOUSLY, WE ARE GOING TO HAVE A MAJOR PROB--
BABE, WAIT, NO. I AM. ME BURYING THAT TOILET IS, LIKE, THE SINGLE FUNNIEST THING I'VE EVER KNOWN.
MY FAVORITE MEMORY.
HEY. I TAKE IT SERIOUSLY. I SWEAR. IF I LIVE PAST TOMORROW, IT'LL BE YOU THAT SAVED ME.
I LOVE YOU. I MEAN, I DON'T REALLY KNOW YOU, AS I'M LEARNING, BUT I KNOW THAT.
MY MIDDLE NAME IS ANNA. I CROSS-STITCH. I HATE CATS. THE OCEAN SCARES ME.
I REGRET MOVING AWAY FROM MY PARENTS. I MISS THEM. I HAVEN'T READ A BOOK IN, LIKE, NINE YEARS.
I'M THIRTY BUT, LIKE, I TOTALLY HAVEN'T CHANGED IN MY HEAD SINCE I TURNED SEVENTEEN.
UNTIL A YEAR AGO I DIDN'T KNOW PICKLES WERE JUST CUCUMBERS. I THOUGHT THEY CAME FROM THE PICKLE PATCH.
I AM IMPULSIVE AND POSSESSIVE AND I ABSOLUTELY FALL FOR THE WRONG PEOPLE BUT I'M SCARED THAT I'M ACTUALLY THE WRONG PEOPLE.
YOU STILL DON'T KNOW ME. BUT I WANT THAT. I WANT THAT TO TAKE FOREVER.
FOR BETTER OR WORSE... PROBABLY MORE THE LATTER... I'M JUST HENRIETTA AN--
--NA SOLIS. CLOSED CIRCUIT FOOTAGE FROM A NEARBY PARKING LOT...
...IDENTIFIED AS THE WOMAN IN CONNECTION TO THE CENTRAL BANK ROBBERY...
FUUUUCK.

SO THIS HENRIETTA SOLIS IS THE LAST, UHH, CLIENT TO SEE DENNY LITTLE AT HIS, UHH, OFFICE...
...ON THE SAME NIGHT HIS SECRETARY AND HER HUSBAND ARE MURDERED.
DEMONIO.
IT'S L.A. THERE'S PROBABLY TEN BANK ROBBERIES AND TWENTY MURDERS GOING DOWN RIGHT NOW.
TYING SOLIS TO THE GOLDFARBS IS TOO CONVENIENT.
DEMONIO.
NORMALLY I'D AGREE. BUT THAT DENNY LITTLE IS SHADY AS ALL HELL--SORRY, FATHER. WAIT, CAN I SAY "HELL"?
I'M NOT SAYING *SHE* MURDERED ANYONE, I'M JUST...
DEMONIO.
OKAY. LET'S RUB THIS ONE OUT, HUNCHY MCTHINKERPANTS.
YOU THINKING SHE'S JUST A BAD EGG AND PRESSED HIM FOR SOME SORT OF CRIMINAL INTEL? OR ARE PSYCHIC BOY AND ROBBERY GAL WEIRDO BONNIE'N CLYDES?
PLEASE. DENNY LITTLE IS BIG DEAL IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD. HE IS--HOW YOU SAY--THE *TAYLOR SWIFT* OF LIFE-AFTER.
MOST PRIESTS DO NOT LIKE HIM. SAY HE IS BULL'S SHIT.
ME? I BELIEVE. HE IS LIKE A TELEPHONE TO THE WORLDS AROUND US. BUT ANYONE CAN USE PHONE.
SO PLEASE, LISTEN TO ME THE FUCK, WHEN I TELL YOU...
...THERE IS A *DEMON* GOING ON HERE...

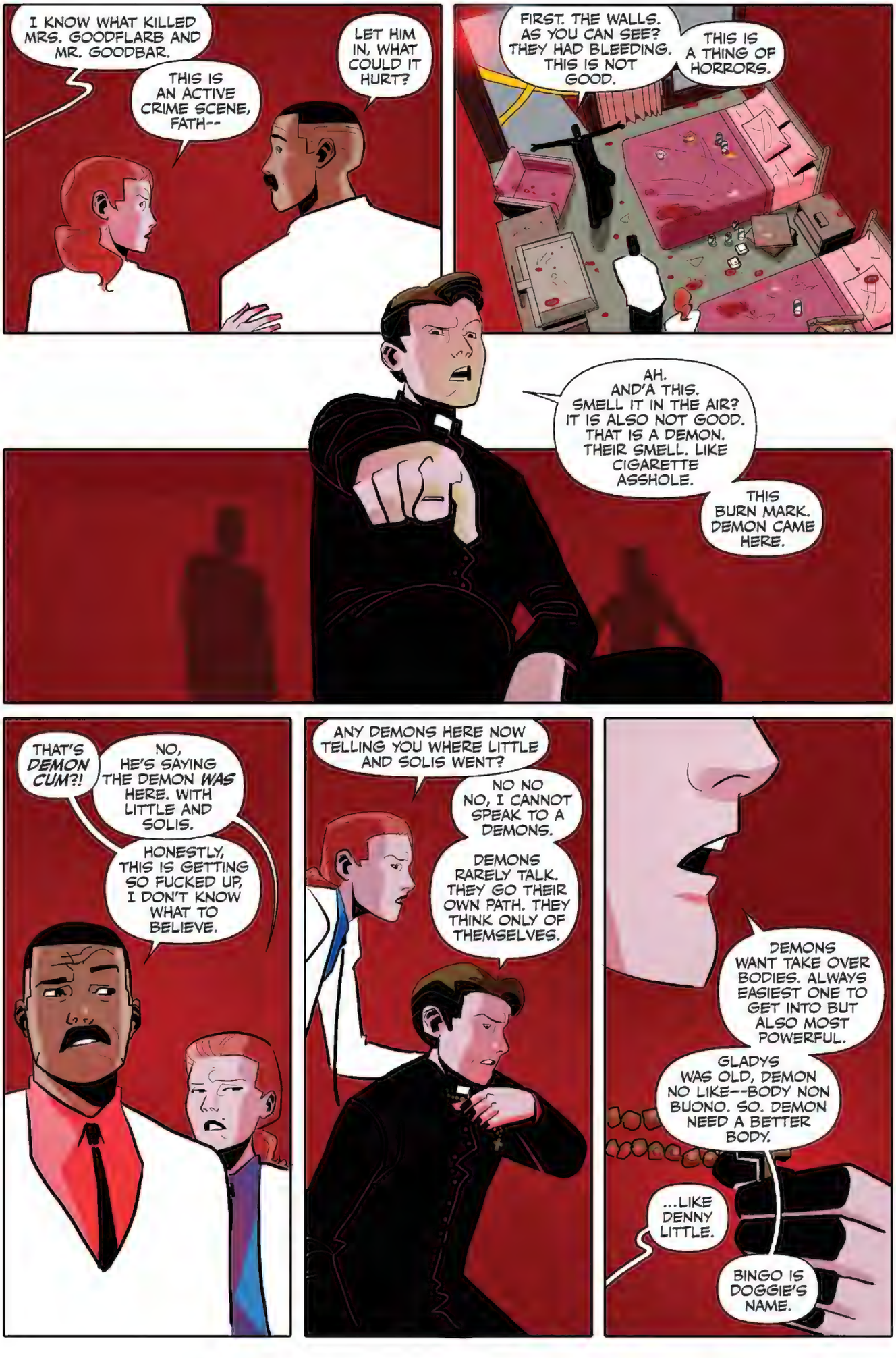
"...YOU NEED ME TO HELP YOU IF YOU WANT TO *SOLVE*, DETECTIVES."
LEAVE. THEY'RE LOOKING *FOR ME*, DENNY.
ARE YOU NUTS? I'M NOT LEAVING YOU. WE'RE THELMA AND LOUISE NOW.
I'M NOT DRIVING OFF A CLIFF.
WE WILL DO WHAT OUR PRIDE HAS US DO.
GET IN, WE'LL FIGURE THIS OUT AS WE GO.
SO... WAS IT COOL?
WHAT?
ROBBING THE BANK. DID YOU YELL? WAIT-- WHERE DID YOU GET A GUN?
DID YOU... YOU DIDN'T POP SOMEONE...
"POP" SOMEONE? JESUS. NO.
I USED A FINGER GUN. I WAS VERY POLITE.
LOOK, I'M NOT PROUD OF IT. THAT WAS PROBABLY VERY TRAUMATIC FOR EVERYONE.
IT WAS COOL, WASN'T IT?
IT WAS FUCKING UNREAL HOW COOL IT WAS.
BABE-- YOU SMELL BACON?

'CAUSE THE PIGS ARE COMIN' IN HOT!
BRRRMMMM
WEEWOO
SKRRRSH
YOU'RE EVADING THEM? YOU'RE INSANE?!
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK.
THAT ISN'T HELPFULLLL!
UNIT TWENTY-TWO IN PURSUIT--SUSPECT IS DRIVING A MID-EIGHTIES VEE-DUB BEETLE, YELLOW.
OH, WE GOT 'EM. HEY, TELL DISPATCH WE GOT 'EM.
HOLY SHIT, YOU'VE GONE FULL POLICE ACADEMY!
I'M NOT TRYING TO--CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING? LIKE, MIND BULLETS OR SOME SHIT?!
I MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING FOR 'EM.
THERE HE IS.
C'MON, DENNY BOY. YOU FUCK.
LET ME OUT!
...WEASEL-DICK HACK!

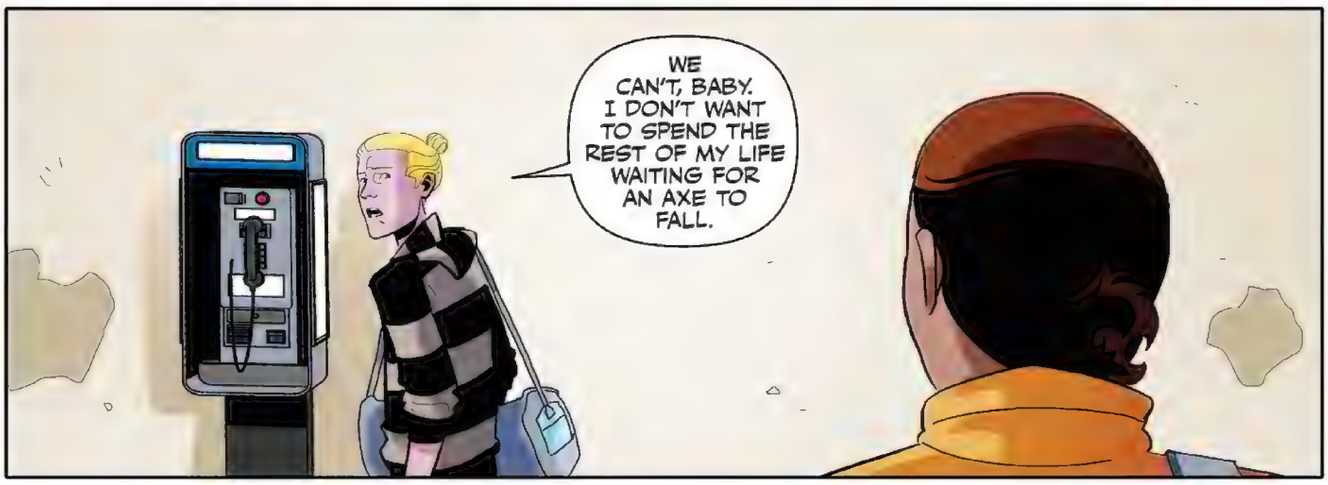
SUICIDE BY COP! DO IT, CHICKEN-SHIT!
THOOK
YOOOOSH
UNLESS...
STEP OUT OF THAT FUCKIN' HOOPTIE WITH YOUR HANDS WHERE I CAN FUCKIN' SEE THEM!
CHILL, SUGAR. DON'T MOVE.
=HNGLK!=
AHH, HOME SWEET HOME, AHHH...
LITTLE PIG, LITTLE PIG, LET ME INNN!
G-G-G-GHO--
HOLY SHIT, I'M BACK AND I'M A COP! WELL IF'N THIS AIN'T HEAVEN.
OH BABY, I MISSED THE FEELIN' OF A GUN. REAL POWER.
AY, THANKS, D-LIT!
YOU JUST SOUL-SWAPPED TWO COPS. NICE.
WE GOTTA MAKE LIKE A HORSE'S DICK AND HIT THE ROAD. THERE'S GONNA BE MORE OF 'EM...

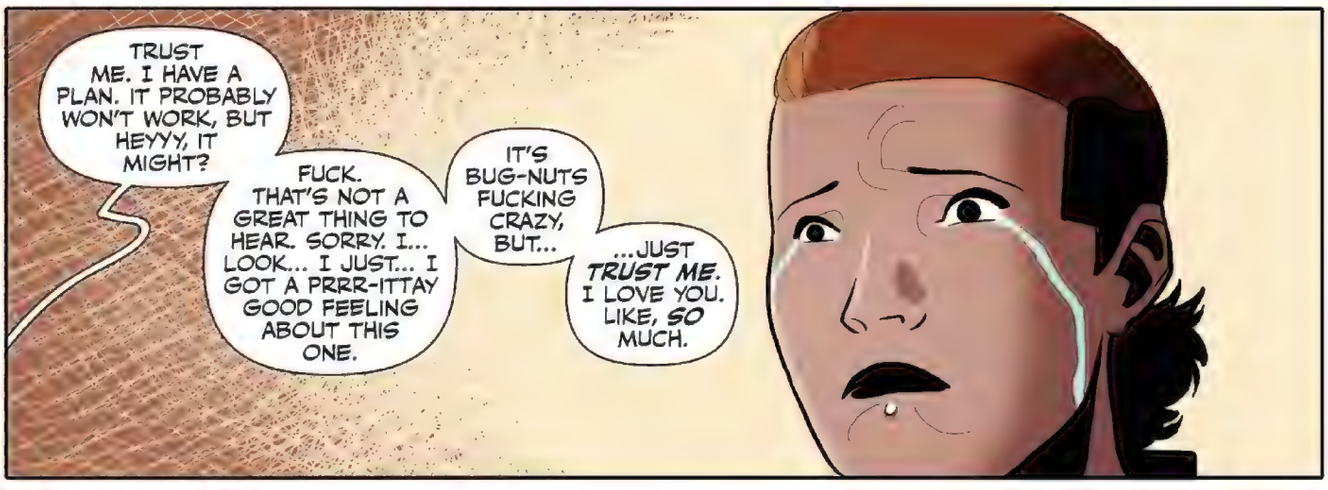
"...AND I CAN'T RE-POSSESS THE WHOLE LAPD."

LITTLE CHECKED IN LATE LAST NIGHT. PAID CASH--MOSTLY COINS. TRIED TO USE AN EXPIRED BURGER COUPON.
YEAH, MORE OR LESS.
OH GOD. IS THIS HOW ALL MEN LIVE?
ONE OF THE NEIGHBOURS SAW A WOMAN ENTER SHORTLY AFTER WITH TWO LARGE DUFFELS. MATCHING SOLIS.
I'M GUESSING THIS WAS THEIR MEET SPOT.
--FUCK IS THIS? *BLOOD*?
DENNY LITTLE'S IN IT FOR POTENTIALLY HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS ALL OVER TOWN--THAT MUCH WE KNOW.
SO WHY SOLIS? WE KNOW *WHAT* SHE'S DONE, BUT WHAT PUSHED A SQUEAKY-CLEAN HOSPITAL CLERK TOWARDS DENNY LITTLE?
EH, I'VE SEEN CRAZIER. SOMETIMES TWO PEOPLE GET TOGETHER AND--*CLICK*--GOT YOURSELF *RAISING ARIZONA*.
WHAT'S REALLY CRAWLING UP MY ASS IS WHY KILL GLADYS AND HANK GOLDFARB?
MAYBE GLADYS HEARD TOO MUCH WHILE BURNING THE MIDNIGHT OIL.
OR MAYBE SHE WAS A WARNING SHOT FROM ONE OF LITTLE'S OVERDUE ACCOUNTS. THAT WOULD CERTAINLY MAKE ME DO SOMETHING LIKE ROB A--
SCUSA SCUSA? KNOCK'A KNOCK...


I KNOW WHAT KILLED MRS. GOODFLARB AND MR. GOODBAR.
THIS IS AN ACTIVE CRIME SCENE, FATH--
LET HIM IN, WHAT COULD IT HURT?
FIRST. THE WALLS. AS YOU CAN SEE? THEY HAD BLEEDING. THIS IS NOT GOOD.
THIS IS A THING OF HORRORS.
AH. AND'A THIS. SMELL IT IN THE AIR? IT IS ALSO NOT GOOD. THAT IS A DEMON. THEIR SMELL. LIKE CIGARETTE ASSHOLE.
THIS BURN MARK. DEMON CAME HERE.
THAT'S DEMON CUM?!
NO, HE'S SAYING THE DEMON WAS HERE. WITH LITTLE AND SOLIS.
HONESTLY, THIS IS GETTING SO FUCKED UP, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO BELIEVE.
ANY DEMONS HERE NOW TELLING YOU WHERE LITTLE AND SOLIS WENT?
NO NO NO, I CANNOT SPEAK TO A DEMONS.
DEMONS RARELY TALK. THEY GO THEIR OWN PATH. THEY THINK ONLY OF THEMSELVES.
DEMONS WANT TAKE OVER BODIES. ALWAYS EASIEST ONE TO GET INTO BUT ALSO MOST POWERFUL.
GLADYS WAS OLD, DEMON NO LIKE--BODY NON BUONO. SO. DEMON NEED A BETTER BODY.
...LIKE DENNY LITTLE.
BINGO IS DOGGIE'S NAME.

"YOU NEED DENNY LITTLE. I NEED DEMON. I THINK WE FIND THEM TOGETHER, NO?"

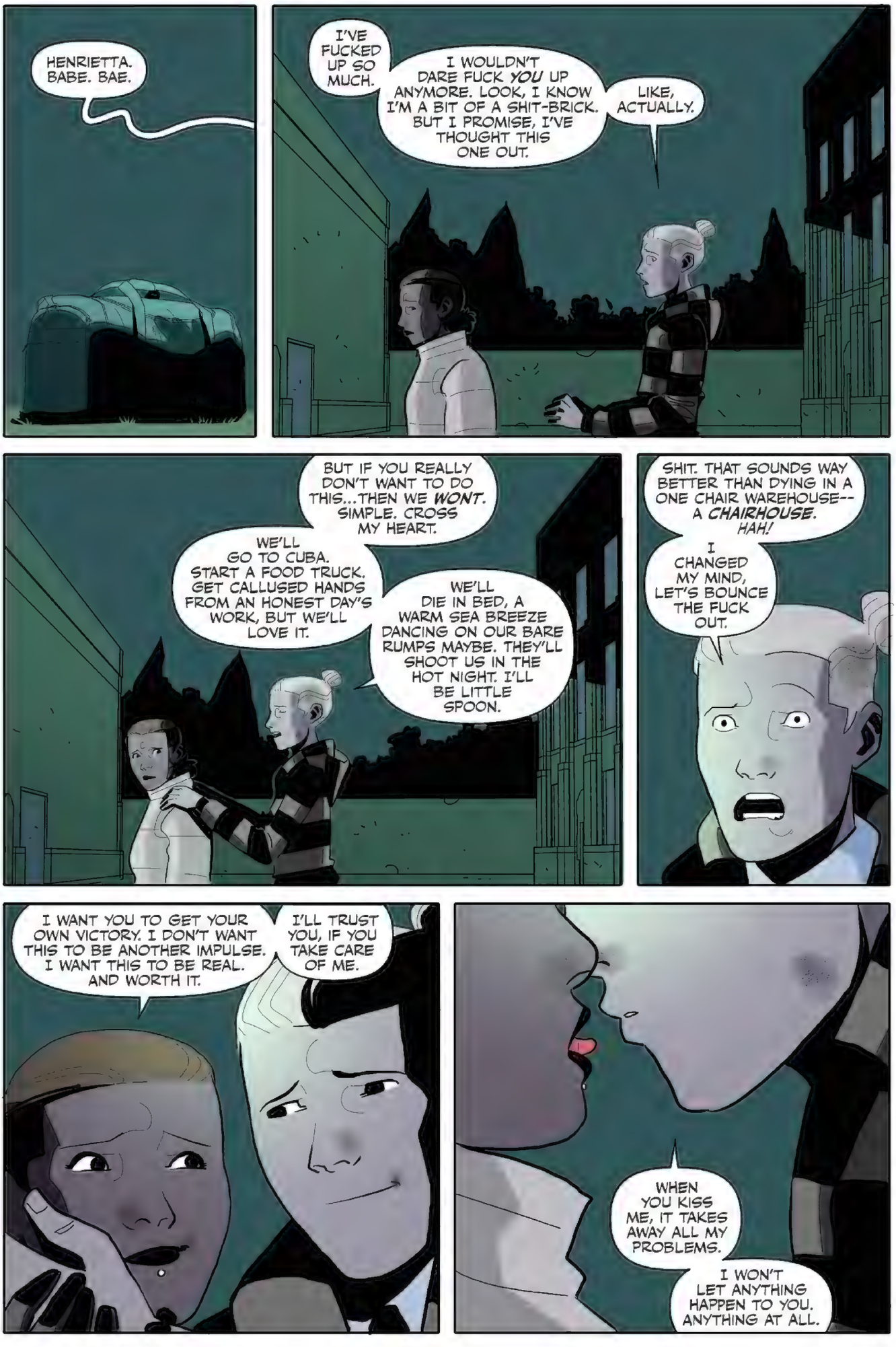


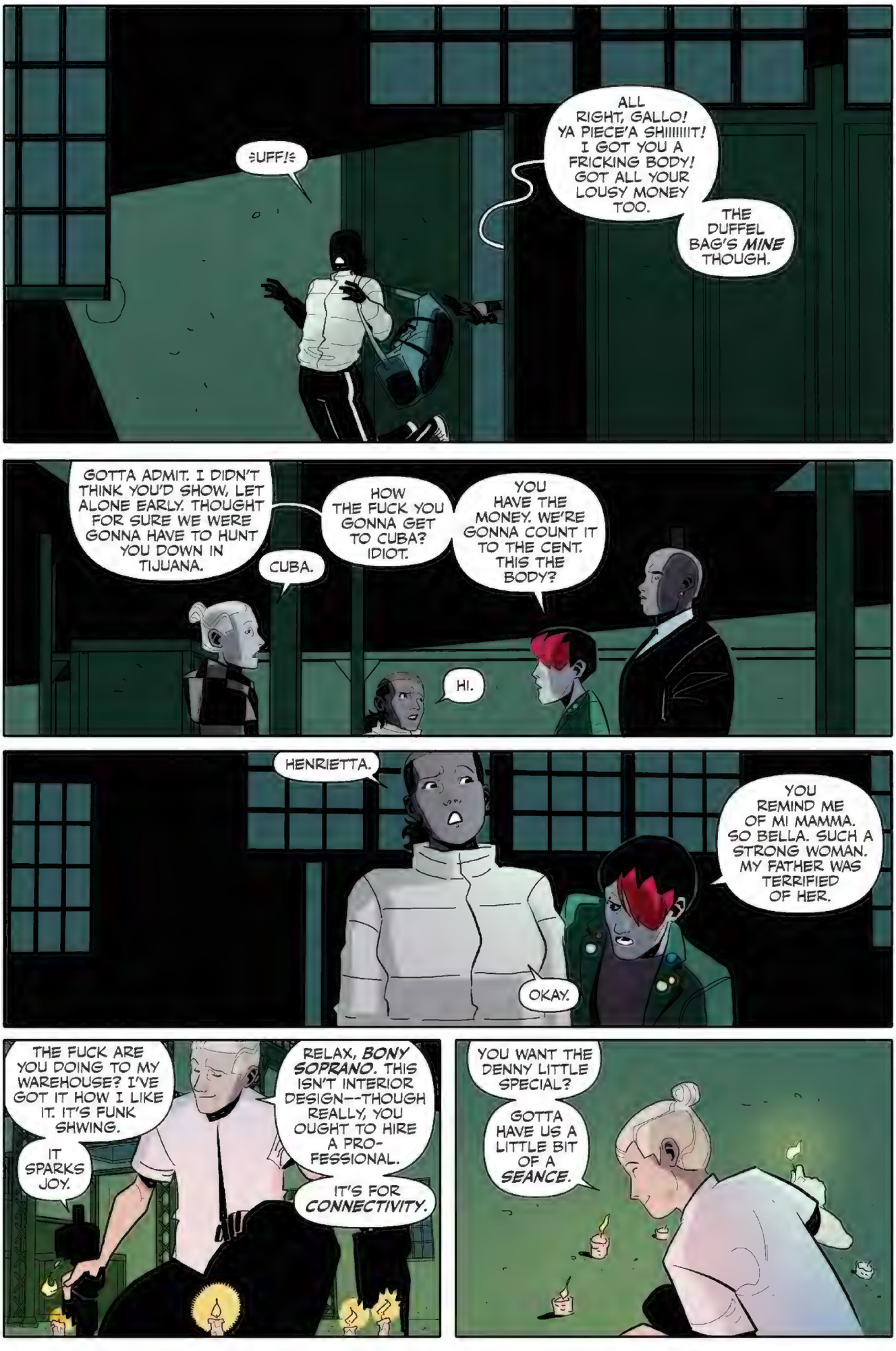

TRUST ME. I HAVE A PLAN. IT PROBABLY WON'T WORK, BUT HEYYY, IT MIGHT?
FUCK. THAT'S NOT A GREAT THING TO HEAR. SORRY. I... LOOK... I JUST... I GOT A PRRR-ITTAY GOOD FEELING ABOUT THIS ONE.
IT'S BUG-NUTS FUCKING CRAZY, BUT...
...JUST TRUST ME. I LOVE YOU. LIKE, SO MUCH.

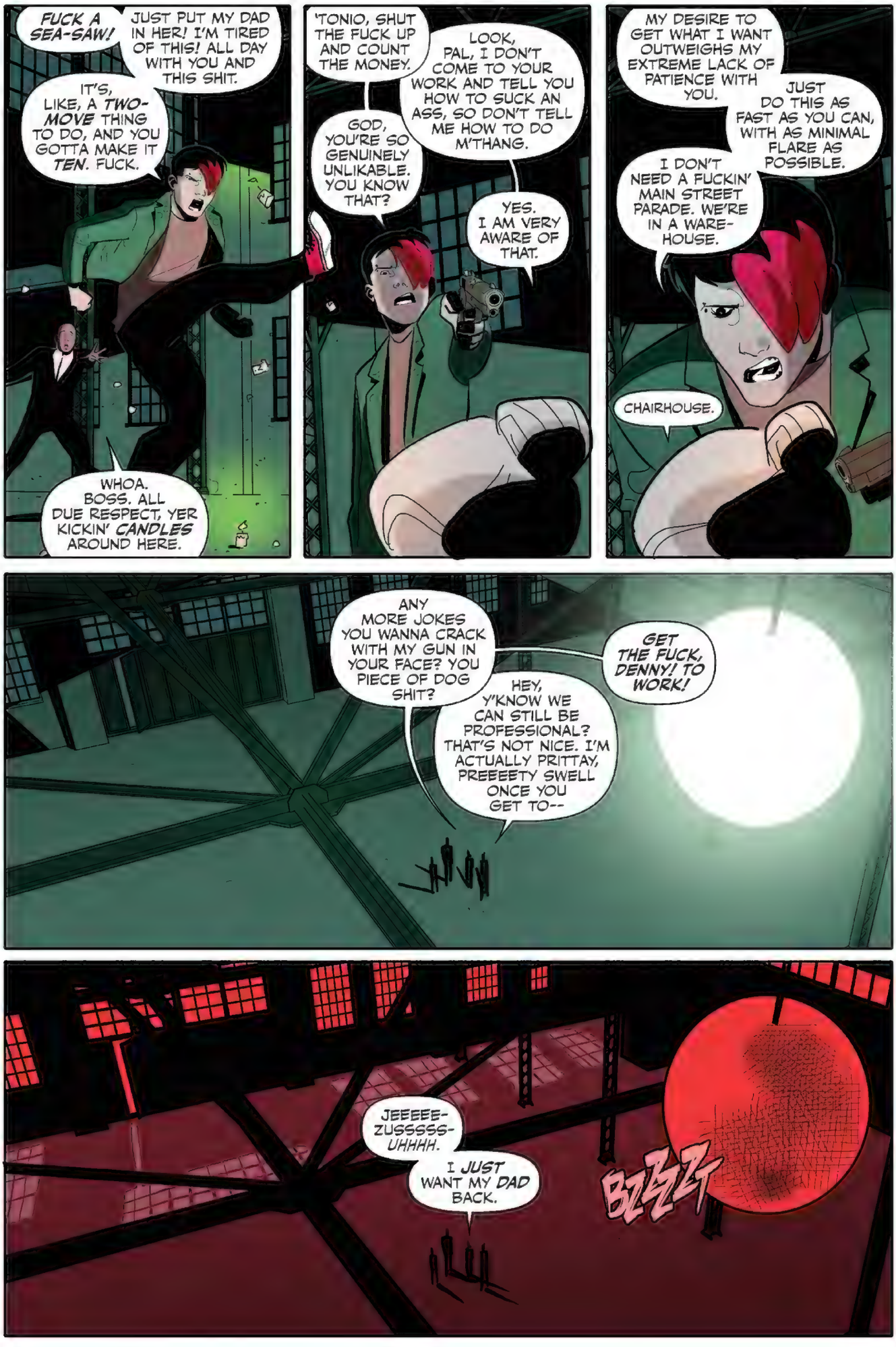
doooot
dooot
click
YEAH, IT'S ME. NO, DON'T HANG UP.
MEET ME TONIGHT... THAT WAREHOUSE YOU LIKE SO MUCH... YES. I HAVE YOUR MONEY...
...I HAVE A BODY.

PART 04

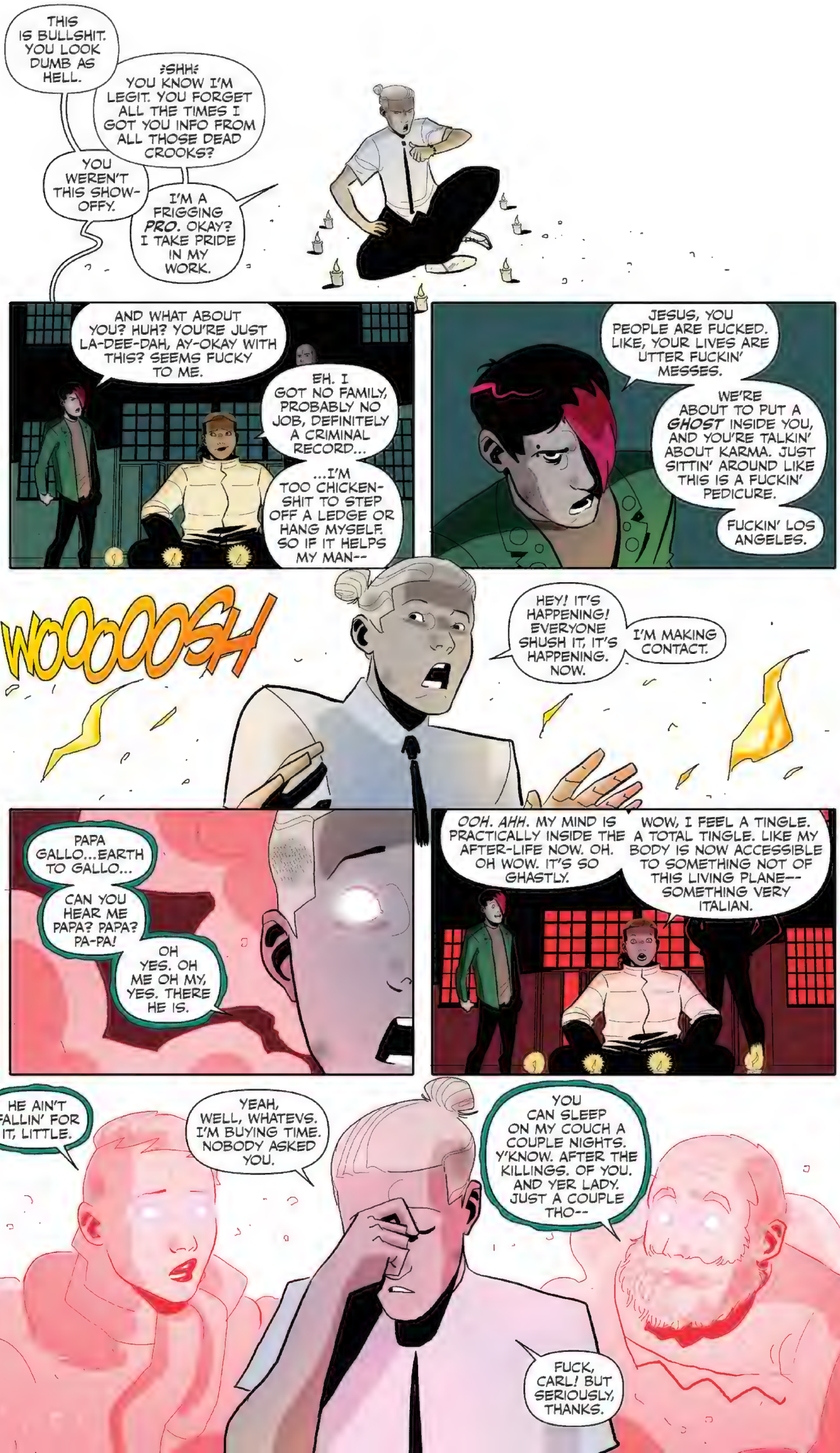
CLICHE RIGHT? LIKE, A MOBSTER...USING A WAREHOUSE. IT'S EMPTY TOO. HE DOESN'T EVEN STORE ANYTHING IN THERE. JUST A CHAIR. ONE CHAIR!
HE JUST BEATS PEOPLE IN IT. TOTAL WASTE OF SQUARE FOOTAGE.
AREN'T YOU...AREN'T YOU NERVOUS?
OH FUCK YUH-HUH. I'M SHITTING. LITERALLY SHITTING NOW, A CONSTANT STREAM--
SO WHY ARE WE HERE? WHY AM I HERE? I COULD GET KILLED.
I'D RATHER FLEE TO MEXICO, DRINK AND FUCK AND EAT ALL DAY, AND GET KILLED THERE IF IT'S SO INEVITABLE.
BUT THE PLAN... I HAVE IT?
YOU ROBBED A BANK FOR ME. "CRAZZZY LOVE," REMEMBER? YOU TRUST ME. RIGHT?
I WASN'T SCARED BEFORE! AND I DON'T KNOW WHY!
I HAVE IMPULSE PROBLEMS. FELL EXTREMELY IN LOVE WITH A STRANGER. COMMITTED A HUGE FELONY.
BUT THIS. ALLLLLL THISSSS.
THIS IS A THING, DENNY.

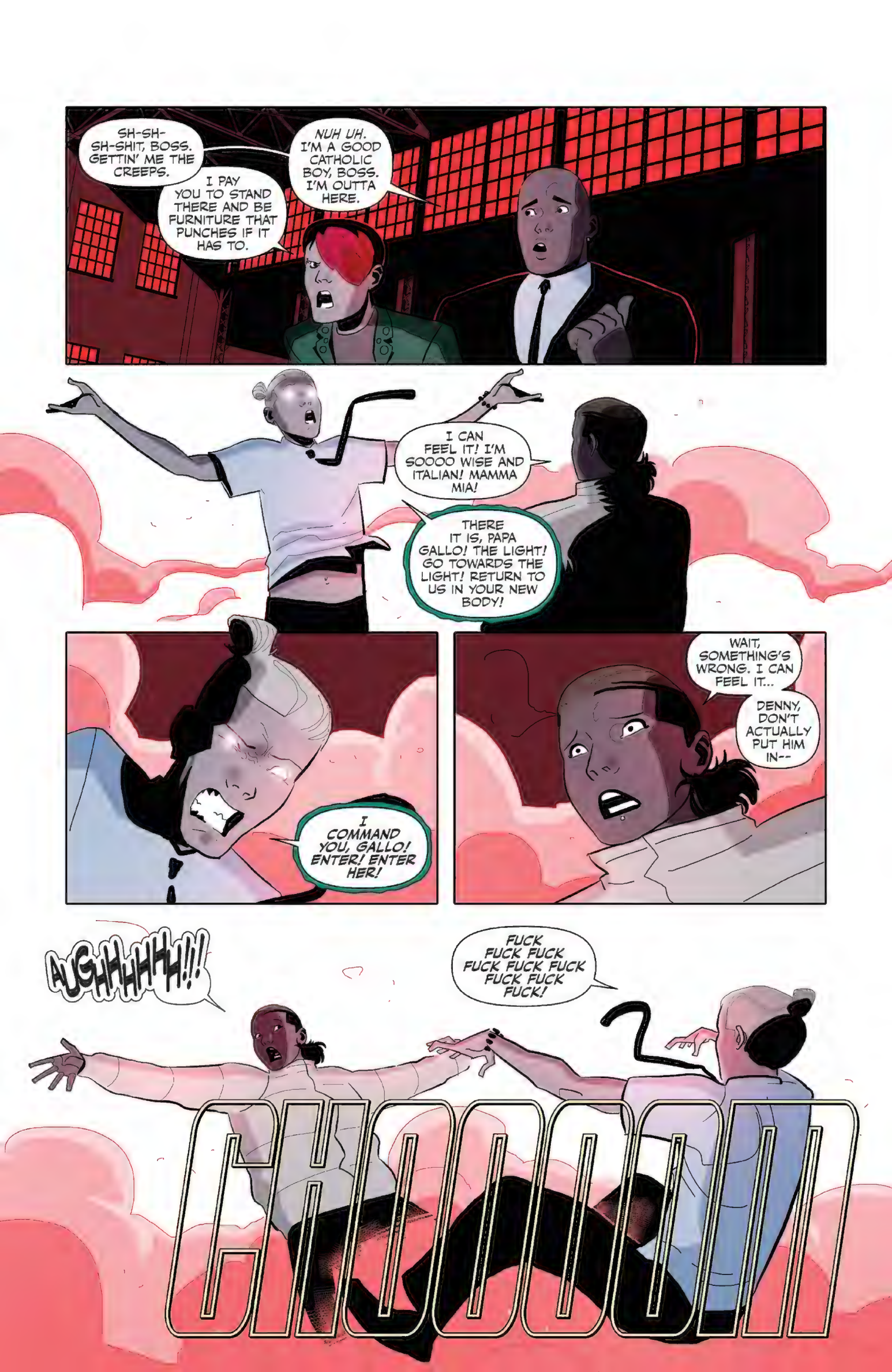

HENRIETTA. BABE. BAE.
I'VE FUCKED UP SO MUCH.
I WOULDN'T DARE FUCK *YOU* UP ANYMORE. LOOK, I KNOW I'M A BIT OF A SHIT-BRICK. BUT I PROMISE, I'VE THOUGHT THIS ONE OUT.
LIKE, ACTUALLY.
BUT IF YOU REALLY DON'T WANT TO DO THIS...THEN WE *WONT*. SIMPLE. CROSS MY HEART.
WE'LL GO TO CUBA. START A FOOD TRUCK. GET CALLUSED HANDS FROM AN HONEST DAY'S WORK, BUT WE'LL LOVE IT.
WE'LL DIE IN BED, A WARM SEA BREEZE DANCING ON OUR BARE RUMPS MAYBE. THEY'LL SHOOT US IN THE HOT NIGHT. I'LL BE LITTLE SPOON.
SHIT. THAT SOUNDS WAY BETTER THAN DYING IN A ONE CHAIR WAREHOUSE-- A *CHAIRHOUSE*. *HAH!*
I CHANGED MY MIND, LET'S BOUNCE THE FUCK OUT.
I WANT YOU TO GET YOUR OWN VICTORY. I DON'T WANT THIS TO BE ANOTHER IMPULSE. I WANT THIS TO BE REAL. AND WORTH IT.
I'LL TRUST YOU, IF YOU TAKE CARE OF ME.
WHEN YOU KISS ME, IT TAKES AWAY ALL MY PROBLEMS.
I WON'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO YOU. ANYTHING AT ALL.


=UFF!=
ALL RIGHT, GALLO! YA PIECE'A SHIIIIIIIT! I GOT YOU A FRICKING BODY! GOT ALL YOUR LOUSY MONEY TOO.
THE DUFFEL BAG'S *MINE* THOUGH.
GOTTA ADMIT. I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D SHOW, LET ALONE EARLY. THOUGHT FOR SURE WE WERE GONNA HAVE TO HUNT YOU DOWN IN TIJUANA.
CUBA.
HOW THE FUCK YOU GONNA GET TO CUBA? IDIOT.
YOU HAVE THE MONEY. WE'RE GONNA COUNT IT TO THE CENT. THIS THE BODY?
HI.
HENRIETTA.
YOU REMIND ME OF MI MAMMA. SO BELLA. SUCH A STRONG WOMAN. MY FATHER WAS TERRIFIED OF HER.
OKAY.
THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING TO MY WAREHOUSE? I'VE GOT IT HOW I LIKE IT. IT'S FUNK SHWING.
IT SPARKS JOY.
RELAX, ***BONY SOPRANO.*** THIS ISN'T INTERIOR DESIGN--THOUGH REALLY, YOU OUGHT TO HIRE A PRO-FESSIONAL.
IT'S FOR ***CONNECTIVITY.***
YOU WANT THE DENNY LITTLE SPECIAL?
GOTTA HAVE US A LITTLE BIT OF A ***SEANCE.***

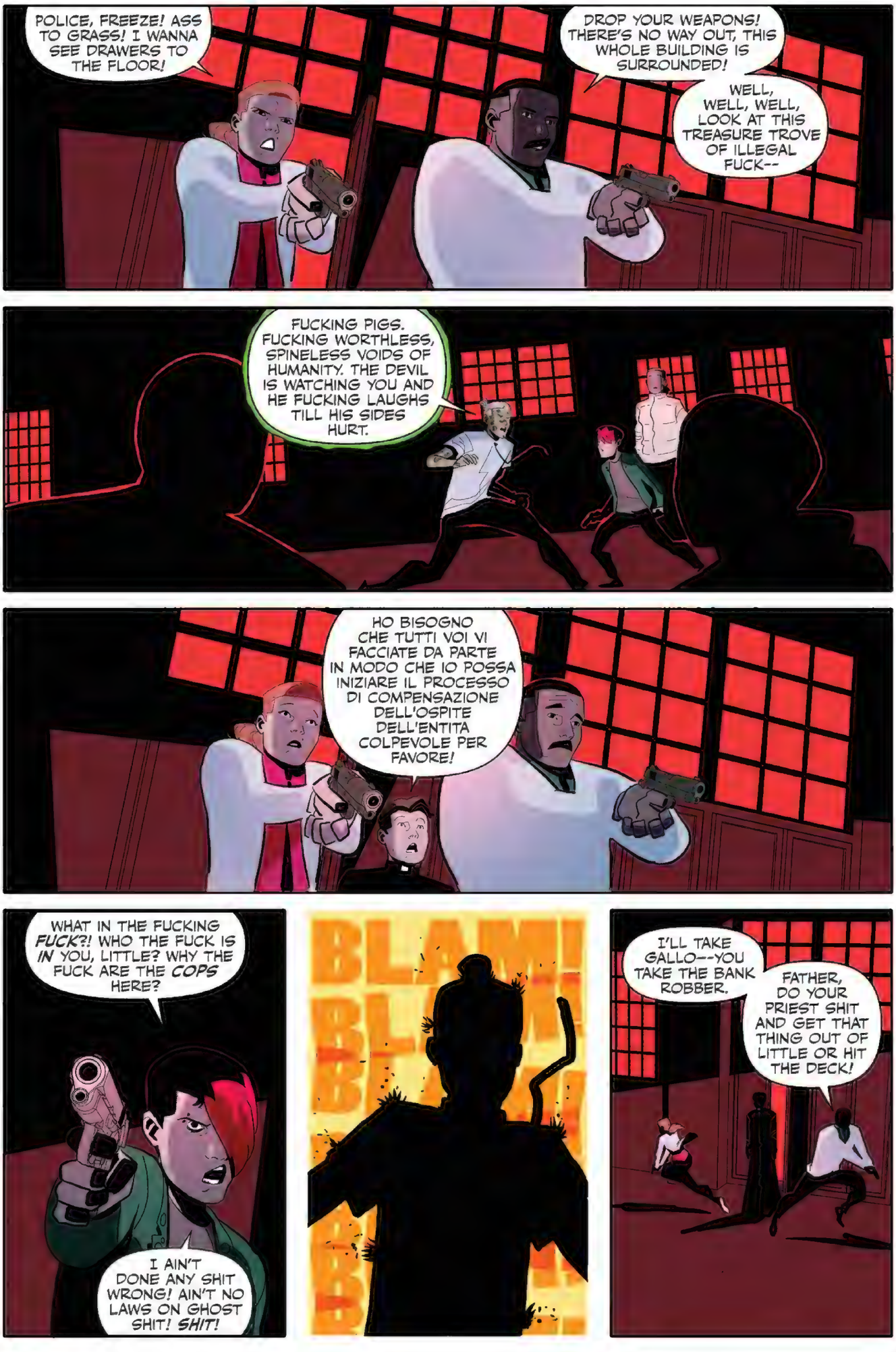

FUCK A SEA-SAW!
JUST PUT MY DAD IN HER! I'M TIRED OF THIS! ALL DAY WITH YOU AND THIS SHIT.
IT'S, LIKE, A TWO-MOVE THING TO DO, AND YOU GOTTA MAKE IT TEN. FUCK.
WHOA. BOSS. ALL DUE RESPECT, YER KICKIN' CANDLES AROUND HERE.
'TONIO, SHUT THE FUCK UP AND COUNT THE MONEY.
LOOK, PAL, I DON'T COME TO YOUR WORK AND TELL YOU HOW TO SUCK AN ASS, SO DON'T TELL ME HOW TO DO M'THANG.
GOD, YOU'RE SO GENUINELY UNLIKABLE. YOU KNOW THAT?
YES. I AM VERY AWARE OF THAT.
MY DESIRE TO GET WHAT I WANT OUTWEIGHS MY EXTREME LACK OF PATIENCE WITH YOU.
JUST DO THIS AS FAST AS YOU CAN, WITH AS MINIMAL FLARE AS POSSIBLE.
I DON'T NEED A FUCKIN' MAIN STREET PARADE. WE'RE IN A WARE-HOUSE.
CHAIRHOUSE.
ANY MORE JOKES YOU WANNA CRACK WITH MY GUN IN YOUR FACE? YOU PIECE OF DOG SHIT?
HEY, Y'KNOW WE CAN STILL BE PROFESSIONAL? THAT'S NOT NICE. I'M ACTUALLY PRITTAY, PREEEETY SWELL ONCE YOU GET TO--
GET THE FUCK, DENNY! TO WORK!
JEEEEE-ZUSSSSS-UHHHH.
I JUST WANT MY DAD BACK.
BZZZT

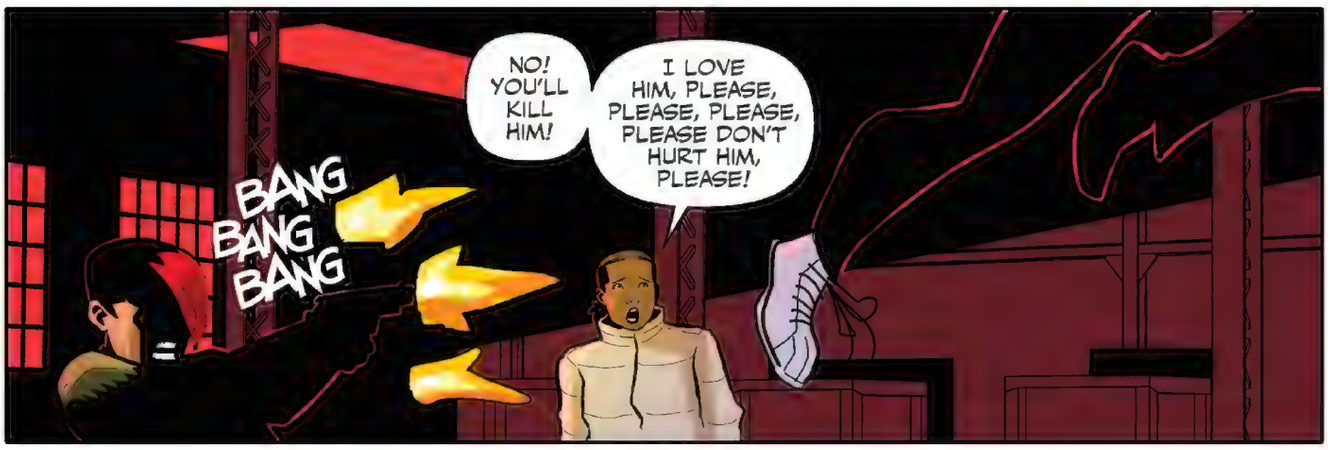
IF ONLY FATHER BIANCHI AND FATHER PUTTANESCA COULD SEE ME NOW.
HOT DINKY. BUBBLE SIP. AMERICA THE FREE. DOING GOD'S WORK.
NO DEMONIO SHALL TORMENT SUCH BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY OF BRAVE HOME WHILE FATHER CATALANCAPULOPIASCO VINCENZO--
HOOWWNNKK
AYYEE!
WE GOTTA ROLL, FATHER!
OOH! ARE WE BAD BOYS BAD BOYS??
WE'VE HAD EARS ON THE GALLO FAMILY FOR YEARS NOW. MOSTLY ASSAULT. EXTORTION.
GUESS WHO'S HEADED TO ONE OF HIS CROOK-HOUSES RIGHT NOW?
DEMONIO?
WELL. NO. DENNY LITTLE.
HIM AND HIS LADY-PAL PULLED A HIT AND RUN ON A CRUISER A FEW HOURS AGO. BEEN GETTING CALLS EVERY FIVE MINUTES THANKS TO THE BANK FOOTAGE.
IF DENNY LITTLE...MAYBE DEMONIO.
YEAH, WELL, HOPE IT'S WORTH YOUR TRIP.
WE'RE ABOUT TO BUST THREE BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.
BIRDS ARE ILLEGAL? AND YOU CAN STONE THEM? FINALLY. BLESS AMERICA!


THIS IS BULLSHIT. YOU LOOK DUMB AS HELL.
:SHH: YOU KNOW I'M LEGIT. YOU FORGET ALL THE TIMES I GOT YOU INFO FROM ALL THOSE DEAD CROOKS?
YOU WEREN'T THIS SHOW-OFFY.
I'M A FRIGGING PRO. OKAY? I TAKE PRIDE IN MY WORK.
AND WHAT ABOUT YOU? HUH? YOU'RE JUST LA-DEE-DAH, AY-OKAY WITH THIS? SEEMS FUCKY TO ME.
EH. I GOT NO FAMILY, PROBABLY NO JOB, DEFINITELY A CRIMINAL RECORD...
...I'M TOO CHICKEN-SHIT TO STEP OFF A LEDGE OR HANG MYSELF. SO IF IT HELPS MY MAN--
JESUS, YOU PEOPLE ARE FUCKED. LIKE, YOUR LIVES ARE UTTER FUCKIN' MESSES.
WE'RE ABOUT TO PUT A GHOST INSIDE YOU, AND YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT KARMA. JUST SITTIN' AROUND LIKE THIS IS A FUCKIN' PEDICURE.
FUCKIN' LOS ANGELES.
WOOOOOSH
HEY! IT'S HAPPENING! EVERYONE SHUSH IT, IT'S HAPPENING. NOW.
I'M MAKING CONTACT.
PAPA GALLO...EARTH TO GALLO...
CAN YOU HEAR ME PAPA? PAPA? PA-PA!
OH YES. OH ME OH MY, YES. THERE HE IS.
OOH. AHH. MY MIND IS PRACTICALLY INSIDE THE AFTER-LIFE NOW. OH. OH WOW. IT'S SO GHASTLY.
WOW, I FEEL A TINGLE. A TOTAL TINGLE. LIKE MY BODY IS NOW ACCESSIBLE TO SOMETHING NOT OF THIS LIVING PLANE-- SOMETHING VERY ITALIAN.
HE AIN'T FALLIN' FOR IT, LITTLE.
YEAH, WELL, WHATEVS. I'M BUYING TIME. NOBODY ASKED YOU.
YOU CAN SLEEP ON MY COUCH A COUPLE NIGHTS. Y'KNOW. AFTER THE KILLINGS. OF YOU. AND YER LADY. JUST A COUPLE THO--
FUCK, CARL! BUT SERIOUSLY, THANKS.


SH-SH-SH-SHIT, BOSS. GETTIN' ME THE CREEPS.
I PAY YOU TO STAND THERE AND BE FURNITURE THAT PUNCHES IF IT HAS TO.
NUH UH. I'M A GOOD CATHOLIC BOY, BOSS. I'M OUTTA HERE.
I CAN FEEL IT! I'M SOOOO WISE AND ITALIAN! MAMMA MIA!
THERE IT IS, PAPA GALLO! THE LIGHT! GO TOWARDS THE LIGHT! RETURN TO US IN YOUR NEW BODY!
I COMMAND YOU, GALLO! ENTER! ENTER HER!
WAIT, SOMETHING'S WRONG. I CAN FEEL IT...
DENNY, DON'T ACTUALLY PUT HIM IN--
AUGHHHHHH!!!
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK!
CHOOOOM

DADDY? DID IT WORK? SAY SOMETHING, PLEASE.
=HNNG=
UMM...AYYY, MY A SON, IT'S A GOOD TO SEE A YOUUU, OHHH, PAISAN!
AHHH, BULLSHIT! DENNY LITTLE, YOU FUCKIN' SCAM ARTIST LIAR, I KNEW IT!
REAL LOW EVEN FOR YOU, LITTLE! USING THIS WOMAN TO TAKE THE FALL FOR YOUR SHIT.
ARROGANT CUNT! WRETCHED FUCK! I WILL DEVOUR YOUR INNARDS THEN WASH MY LOINS IN THE BILE OF YOUR HOLLOWED HUSK!
COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU FUCK--
--THE HELL IS THAT?


POLICE, FREEZE! ASS TO GRASS! I WANNA SEE DRAWERS TO THE FLOOR!
DROP YOUR WEAPONS! THERE'S NO WAY OUT, THIS WHOLE BUILDING IS SURROUNDED!
WELL, WELL, WELL, LOOK AT THIS TREASURE TROVE OF ILLEGAL FUCK--
FUCKING PIGS. FUCKING WORTHLESS, SPINELESS VOIDS OF HUMANITY. THE DEVIL IS WATCHING YOU AND HE FUCKING LAUGHS TILL HIS SIDES HURT.
HO BISOGNO CHE TUTTI VOI VI FACCIATE DA PARTE IN MODO CHE IO POSSA INIZIARE IL PROCESSO DI COMPENSAZIONE DELL'OSPITE DELL'ENTITÀ COLPEVOLE PER FAVORE!
WHAT IN THE FUCKING *FUCK*?! WHO THE FUCK IS *IN* YOU, LITTLE? WHY THE FUCK ARE THE *COPS* HERE?
I AIN'T DONE ANY SHIT WRONG! AIN'T NO LAWS ON GHOST SHIT! *SHIT*!
BLAM! BL BL
I'LL TAKE GALLO--YOU TAKE THE BANK ROBBER.
FATHER, DO YOUR PRIEST SHIT AND GET THAT THING OUT OF LITTLE OR HIT THE DECK!


BANG
BANG
BANG
NO! YOU'LL KILL HIM!
I LOVE HIM, PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE DON'T HURT HIM, PLEASE!

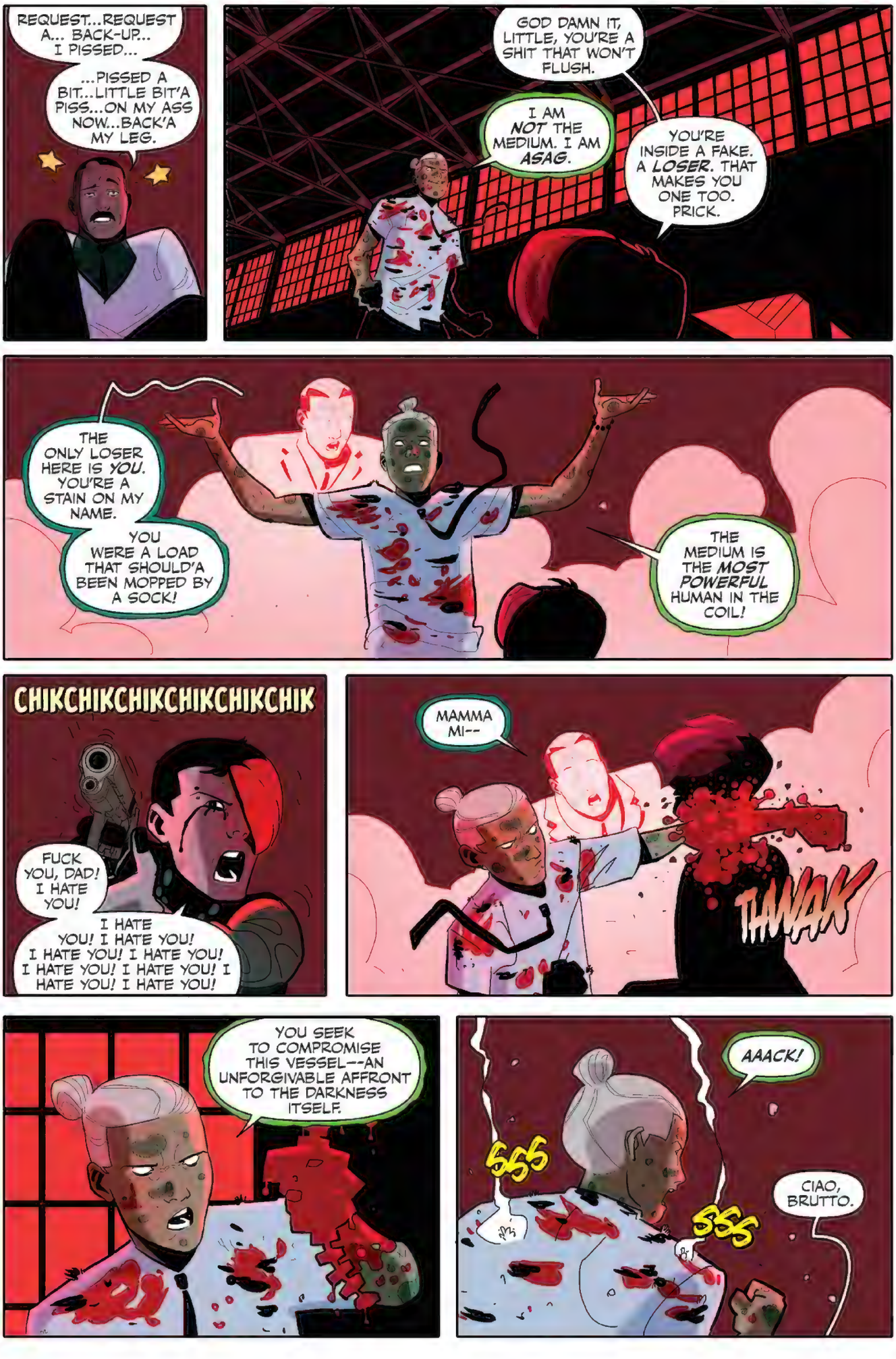
AWW, SO SWEET. YOU SEEM LIKE A NICE GAL CAUGHT UP IN SOME BAD STUFF. A LITTLE BIT FUCKIN' DUMB, BUT...
...I'M GOING TO KEEP YOU SAFE. BECAUSE I'M OBLIGATED TO DO SO. I DON'T WANT ANYONE DEAD.

BUT YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY UNDER ARREST FOR BANK ROBBERY. PROBABLY GOING TO GET HIT WITH A BUNCH OF OTHER SHIT TOO. FRAUD DEFINITELY.
I JUST MET HIM. DOES THIS MAKE ME CRAZY?
NAH. MAKES YOU HUMAN.

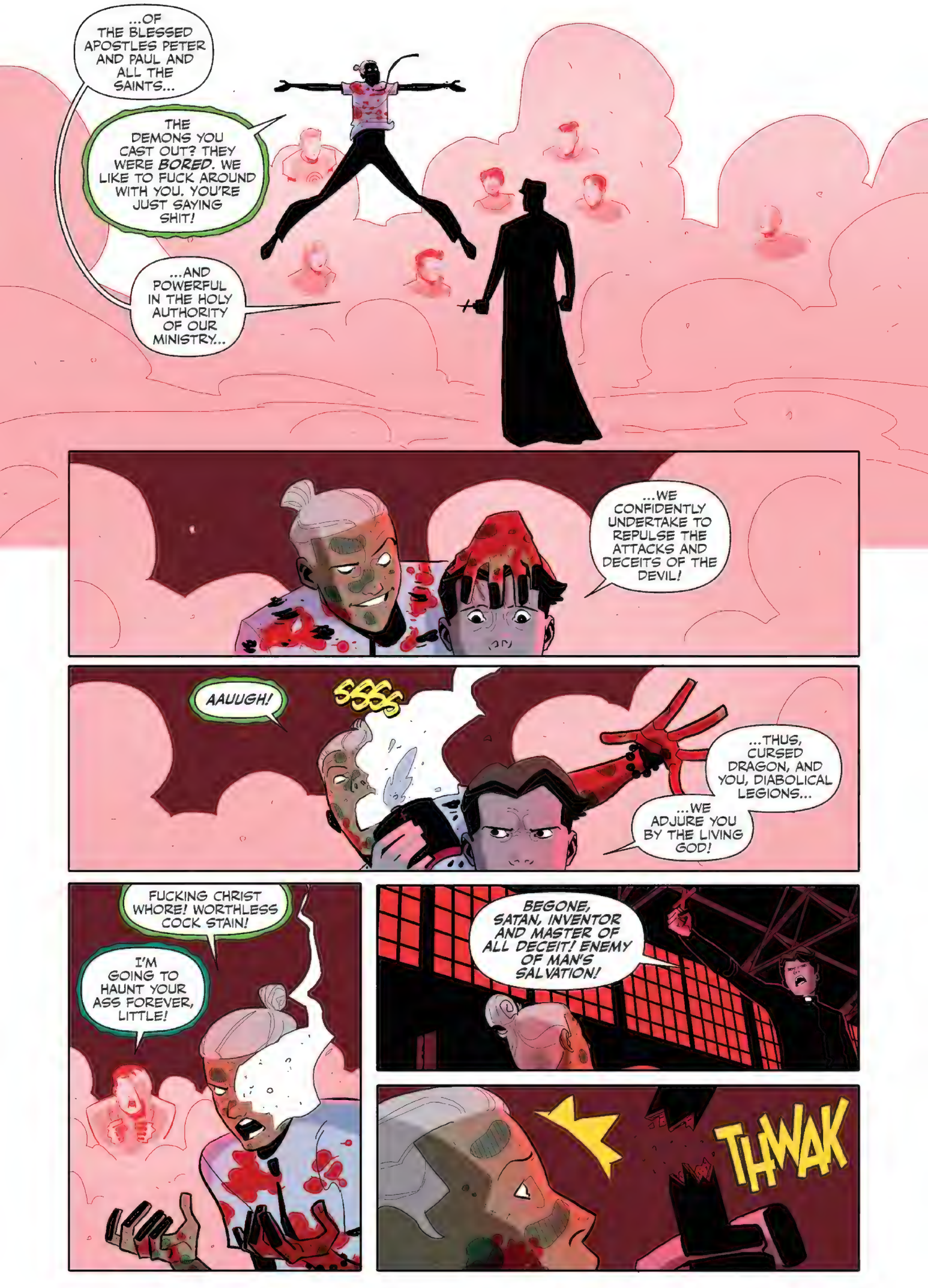
"HONEY, THE BADGE MIGHT JUDGE YOUR ACTIONS, BUT I WON'T. WOMAN TO WOMAN."
EASY NOW. EASSSSY.
WE'RE JUST GONNA PUT EVERYTHING DOWN AND HAVE A NICE, CALM CHAT. GET EVERYTHING SORTED OUT.

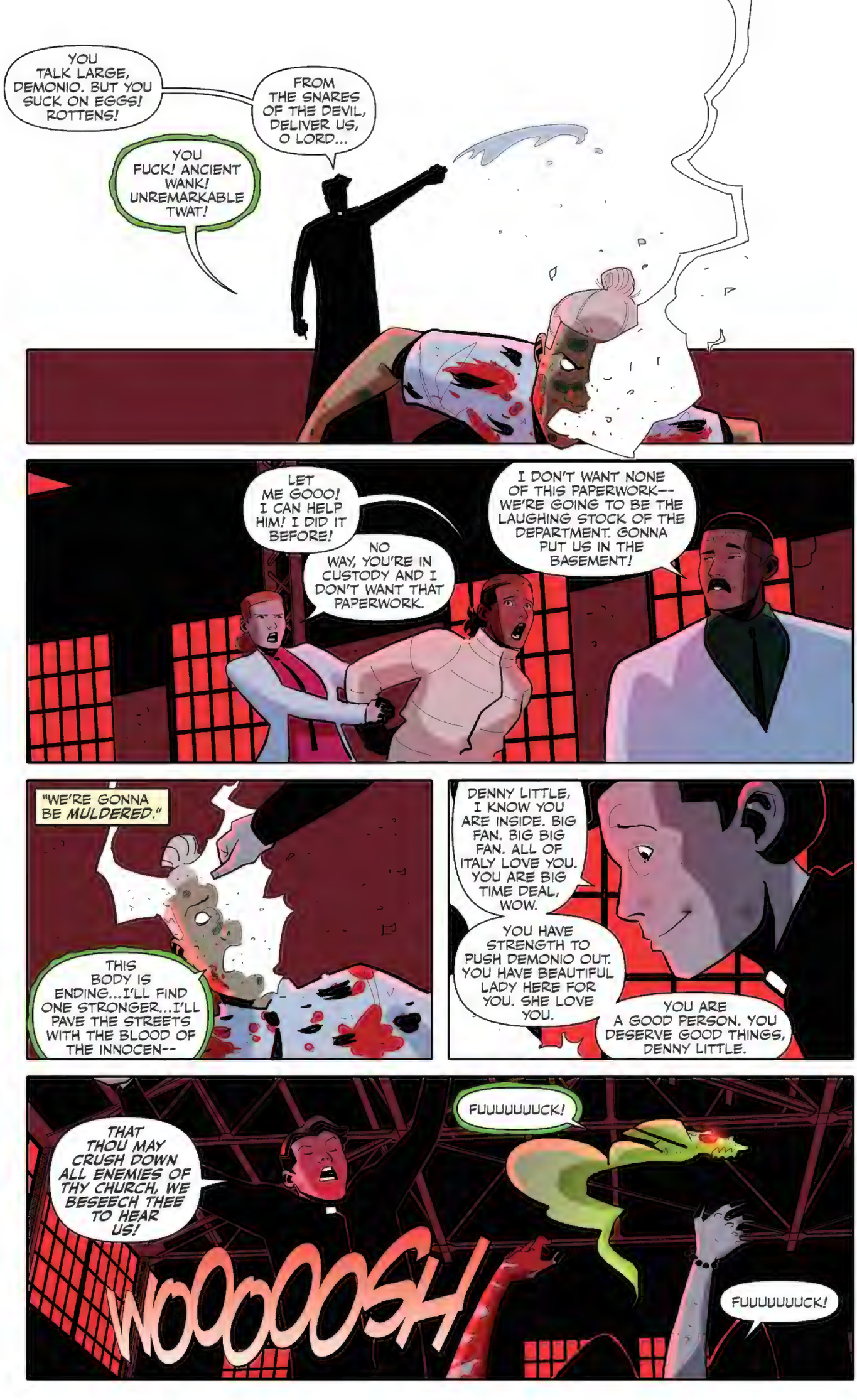
SHOOO

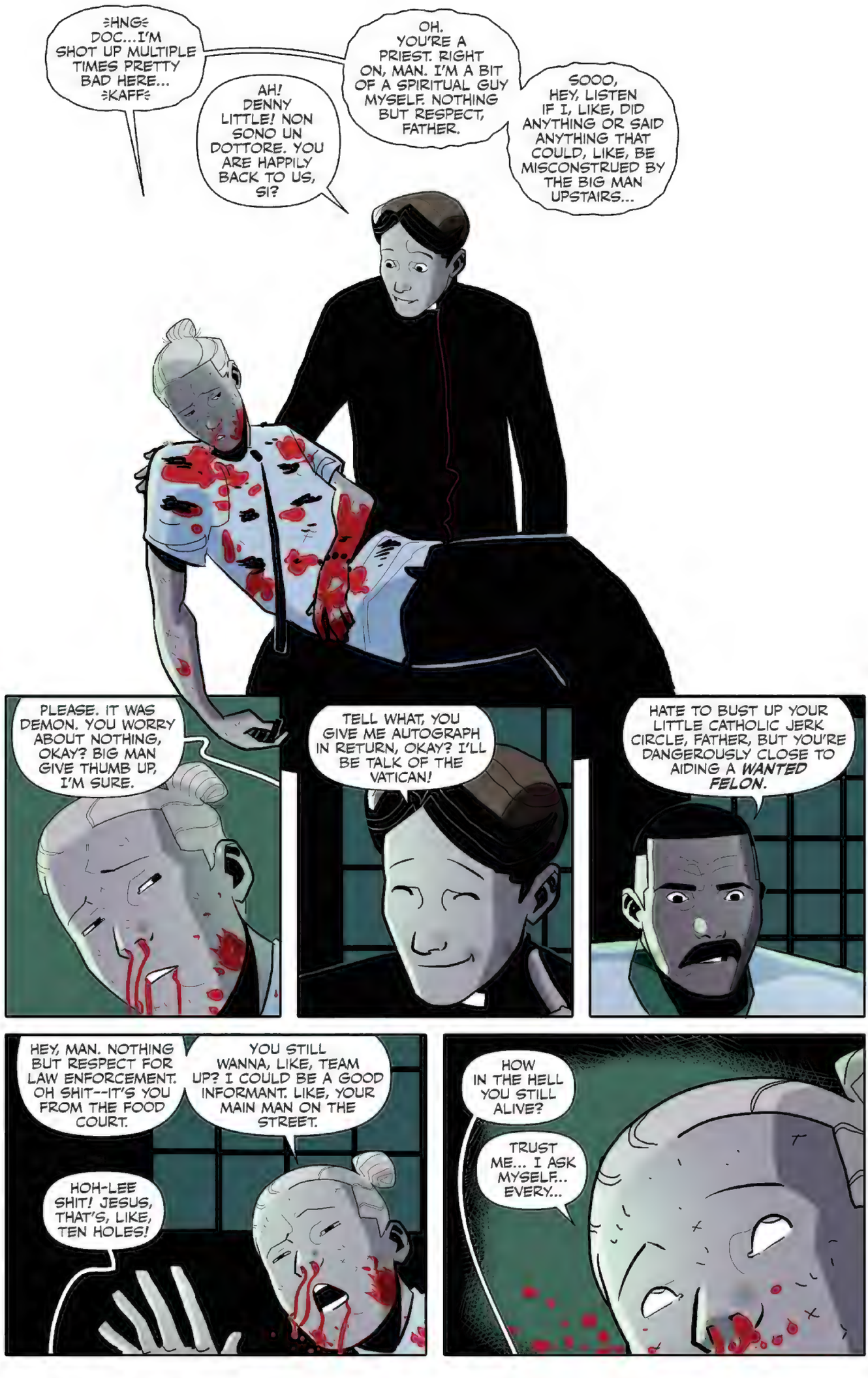
GRRRAHAHAHA!

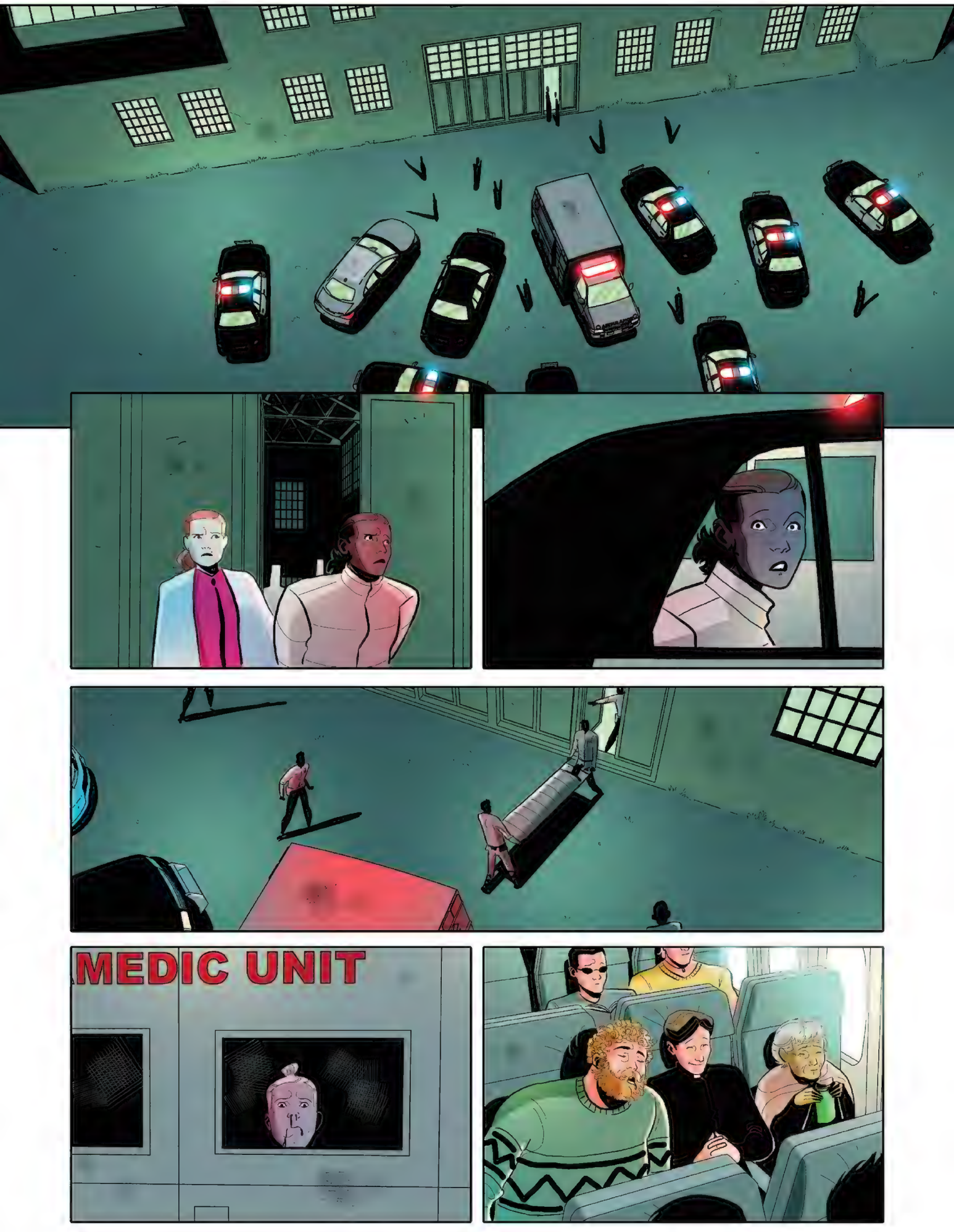

REQUEST...REQUEST A... BACK-UP... I PISSED...
...PISSED A BIT...LITTLE BIT'A PISS...ON MY ASS NOW...BACK'A MY LEG.
GOD DAMN IT, LITTLE, YOU'RE A SHIT THAT WON'T FLUSH.
I AM *NOT* THE MEDIUM. I AM *ASAG*.
YOU'RE INSIDE A FAKE. A *LOSER*. THAT MAKES YOU ONE TOO. PRICK.
THE ONLY LOSER HERE IS *YOU*. YOU'RE A STAIN ON MY NAME.
YOU WERE A LOAD THAT SHOULD'A BEEN MOPPED BY A SOCK!
THE MEDIUM IS THE *MOST POWERFUL* HUMAN IN THE COIL!
CHIKCHIKCHIKCHIKCHIKCHIK
FUCK YOU, DAD! I HATE YOU!
I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU!
MAMMA MI--
THWAK
YOU SEEK TO COMPROMISE THIS VESSEL--AN UNFORGIVABLE AFFRONT TO THE DARKNESS ITSELF.
AAACK!
555
555
CIAO, BRUTTO.

I AM *FATHER VINCENZO*. I AM HERE TO DO GOD'S WORK. YOU *WILL* BE *LEAVING* THIS BODY, THIS REALM OF THE LIVING, TODAY.
THIS GUY'S FROM THE FRIGGIN' *VATICAN*. IF *HE* CAN'T HELP YOUR MAN-BUN BOY-TOY, WE GOTTA DROP HIM.
DENNY... HE TOOK IN A DEMON JUST TO SAVE ME. IT IS LOVE. TRUE--
IT'S *SUICIDE*! YOU'RE IDIOTS!
I CAN SMELL THE POPE'S BALLS ON YOUR BREATH. TELL ME, HOW IS THE CRUSTY OLD CUNT?
STILL NOT CONDEMNING KIDDIE DIDDLERS?
WHICH ONE ARE YOU? EH? MAMMON? VALAC?
YOU MISTAKE ME FOR A SIMPLE NUISANCE, FAAAATHER. AIM HIGHER.
ASAG. WANT ME TO SPELL IT FOR YOU, TOOTHPICK-DICK?
SCOPAMI IL CULO. FUCKA MINE ASS.
ASAG, EH? SI. STUPID DEMON, EVERYBODY KNOWS HOW MUCH.
THISA FUCKIN NO GOOD, VINCENZO.
YOU CHURCH ONES MAKE ME HARDEST. YOU BREAK SO SPECTACULARLY. BECAUSE YOU KNOW HOW REAL IT IS.


...OF THE BLESSED APOSTLES PETER AND PAUL AND ALL THE SAINTS...
THE DEMONS YOU CAST OUT? THEY WERE BORED. WE LIKE TO FUCK AROUND WITH YOU. YOU'RE JUST SAYING SHIT!
...AND POWERFUL IN THE HOLY AUTHORITY OF OUR MINISTRY...
...WE CONFIDENTLY UNDERTAKE TO REPULSE THE ATTACKS AND DECEITS OF THE DEVIL!
AAUUGH!
SSSS
...THUS, CURSED DRAGON, AND YOU, DIABOLICAL LEGIONS...
...WE ADJURE YOU BY THE LIVING GOD!
FUCKING CHRIST WHORE! WORTHLESS COCK STAIN!
I'M GOING TO HAUNT YOUR ASS FOREVER, LITTLE!
BEGONE, SATAN, INVENTOR AND MASTER OF ALL DECEIT! ENEMY OF MAN'S SALVATION!
THWAK


YOU TALK LARGE, DEMONIO. BUT YOU SUCK ON EGGS! ROTTENS!
FROM THE SNARES OF THE DEVIL, DELIVER US, O LORD...
YOU FUCK! ANCIENT WANK! UNREMARKABLE TWAT!
LET ME GOOO! I CAN HELP HIM! I DID IT BEFORE!
NO WAY, YOU'RE IN CUSTODY AND I DON'T WANT THAT PAPERWORK.
I DON'T WANT NONE OF THIS PAPERWORK-- WE'RE GOING TO BE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE DEPARTMENT. GONNA PUT US IN THE BASEMENT!
"WE'RE GONNA BE *MULDERED*."
THIS BODY IS ENDING...I'LL FIND ONE STRONGER...I'LL PAVE THE STREETS WITH THE BLOOD OF THE INNOCEN--
DENNY LITTLE, I KNOW YOU ARE INSIDE. BIG FAN. BIG BIG FAN. ALL OF ITALY LOVE YOU. YOU ARE BIG TIME DEAL, WOW.
YOU HAVE STRENGTH TO PUSH DEMONIO OUT. YOU HAVE BEAUTIFUL LADY HERE FOR YOU. SHE LOVE YOU.
YOU ARE A GOOD PERSON. YOU DESERVE GOOD THINGS, DENNY LITTLE.
THAT THOU MAY CRUSH DOWN ALL ENEMIES OF THY CHURCH, WE BESEECH THEE TO HEAR US!
FUUUUUUUCK!
WOOOOOSH
FUUUUUUUCK!


=HNG= DOC...I'M SHOT UP MULTIPLE TIMES PRETTY BAD HERE... =KAFF=
AH! DENNY LITTLE! NON SONO UN DOTTORE. YOU ARE HAPPILY BACK TO US, SI?
OH. YOU'RE A PRIEST. RIGHT ON, MAN. I'M A BIT OF A SPIRITUAL GUY MYSELF. NOTHING BUT RESPECT, FATHER.
SOOO, HEY, LISTEN IF I, LIKE, DID ANYTHING OR SAID ANYTHING THAT COULD, LIKE, BE MISCONSTRUED BY THE BIG MAN UPSTAIRS...
PLEASE. IT WAS DEMON. YOU WORRY ABOUT NOTHING, OKAY? BIG MAN GIVE THUMB UP, I'M SURE.
TELL WHAT, YOU GIVE ME AUTOGRAPH IN RETURN, OKAY? I'LL BE TALK OF THE VATICAN!
HATE TO BUST UP YOUR LITTLE CATHOLIC JERK CIRCLE, FATHER, BUT YOU'RE DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO AIDING A WANTED FELON.
HEY, MAN. NOTHING BUT RESPECT FOR LAW ENFORCEMENT. OH SHIT--IT'S YOU FROM THE FOOD COURT.
YOU STILL WANNA, LIKE, TEAM UP? I COULD BE A GOOD INFORMANT. LIKE, YOUR MAIN MAN ON THE STREET.
HOH-LEE SHIT! JESUS, THAT'S, LIKE, TEN HOLES!
HOW IN THE HELL YOU STILL ALIVE?
TRUST ME... I ASK MYSELF... EVERY...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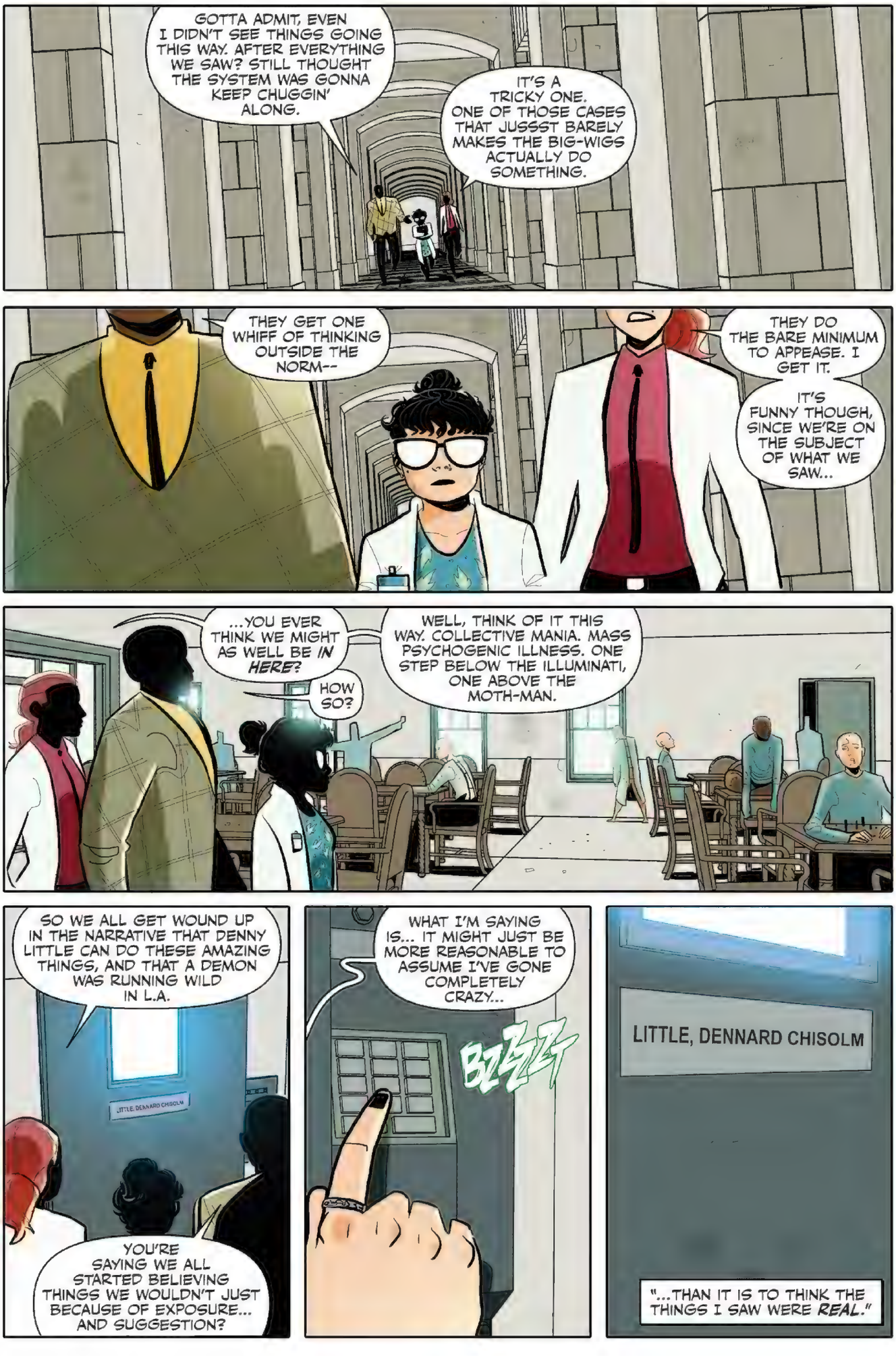
SIX MONTHS LATER
GOTTA ADMIT, EVEN I DIDN'T SEE THINGS GOING THIS WAY. AFTER EVERYTHING WE SAW? STILL THOUGHT THE SYSTEM WAS GONNA KEEP CHUGGIN' ALONG.
IT'S A TRICKY ONE. ONE OF THOSE CASES THAT JUSSST BARELY MAKES THE BIG-WIGS ACTUALLY DO SOMETHING.
THEY GET ONE WHIFF OF THINKING OUTSIDE THE NORM--
THEY DO THE BARE MINIMUM TO APPEASE. I GET IT.
IT'S FUNNY THOUGH, SINCE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT OF WHAT WE SAW...
...YOU EVER THINK WE MIGHT AS WELL BE IN HERE?
HOW SO?
WELL, THINK OF IT THIS WAY. COLLECTIVE MANIA. MASS PSYCHOGENIC ILLNESS. ONE STEP BELOW THE ILLUMINATI, ONE ABOVE THE MOTH-MAN.
SO WE ALL GET WOUND UP IN THE NARRATIVE THAT DENNY LITTLE CAN DO THESE AMAZING THINGS, AND THAT A DEMON WAS RUNNING WILD IN L.A.
LITTLE, DENNARD CHISOLM
YOU'RE SAYING WE ALL STARTED BELIEVING THINGS WE WOULDN'T JUST BECAUSE OF EXPOSURE... AND SUGGESTION?
WHAT I'M SAYING IS... IT MIGHT JUST BE MORE REASONABLE TO ASSUME I'VE GONE COMPLETELY CRAZY...
BZZZT
LITTLE, DENNARD CHISOLM
"...THAN IT IS TO THINK THE THINGS I SAW WERE REAL."

"NOT CRIMINALLY RESPONSIBLE." HMM.
SO THEY PUT OUR BOY IN AN INSTITUTION INSTEAD OF A CHAIN GANG. CUT HIM UP, ELECTRO SHOCK HIM, DROWN HIM IN PILLS THE REST OF HIS LIFE.
YOU'RE SILLY.
YES. I KNOW.
YEP. MINIMUM EFFORT. CLASSIFY THE CASE. BLAME IT ALL ON THE "CRAAAZY STALKER GIRLFRIEND."
KIND OF FUCKED UP, WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT.
DAIQUIRI. LIME.
ASSUMING WE'RE NOT INSANE, THIS TWO-BIT HIPSTER LOSER CAN ANSWER SO MANY QUESTIONS. ONES THAT GENERATIONS HAVE BEEN ASKING.
BEETLE.
MAYBE NEXT WINTER.
LOVE YOU.

"DENNY LITTLE, YOU POOR DUMB BASTARD."
--WAS IT A CRIMINAL ESCAPADE FUELLED BY INFATUATION AND LOVE...
...OR WAS IT THE VILE MACHINATIONS OF A PSYCHIC GONE MAD?
LOOK, H. YOU'RE FAMOUS. MAYBE YOU CAN GET A BOOK DEAL WHEN YOU'RE OUT IN TEN.
PERHAPS WE'LL NEVER KNOW, BUT EVIDENCE STACKS UP TO ONE TRUTH...
...HENRIETTA SOLIS DISPLAYED A TWISTED MIND CAPABLE OF MACABRE DEEDS...
...DRIVEN BY LUST AND DESPERATION.
THIS IS BULLSHIT!

CLANK
LOCKDOWN! LIGHTS OUT, INMATES!
DESPERATE? THEY CALLED ME DESPERATE?!
WE KNOW THE TRUTH. HOW WE FELT. THAT'S ALL THAT REALLY MATTERS.
HE DOES. BEEN TALKING A LOT TO YOU TODAY.
HEY, UNCLE.
HELLO, DARLING.
SO? WHAT'S HE SAYING?
HE SAYS HE'S BORED AS HELL.
HIS FOREHEAD IS STARTING TO CRAMP UP FROM DOING THAT "CONSTIPATED BUT TRYING TO SHIT THROUGH WILL AND DOMINANCE AND NOT FORCE" STARE.
HE CALLED YOU SILLY, AND HE KNOWS NOT TO FLIRT WITH THE NURSE. HE ALSO SAYS THAT YOU GOTTA GET A NEW VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE.
HE SAYS HE THINKS BY NEXT WINTER HE CAN MAKE IT HAPPEN. HE'LL BUY THE FIRST ROUND OF LIME DAIQUIRIS.
TELL HIM I GOT ROUND TWO.
TELL HIM THAT I STILL LOVE HIM SO MUCH... AND I CAN'T WAIT.
END

Art by: George Kambadais

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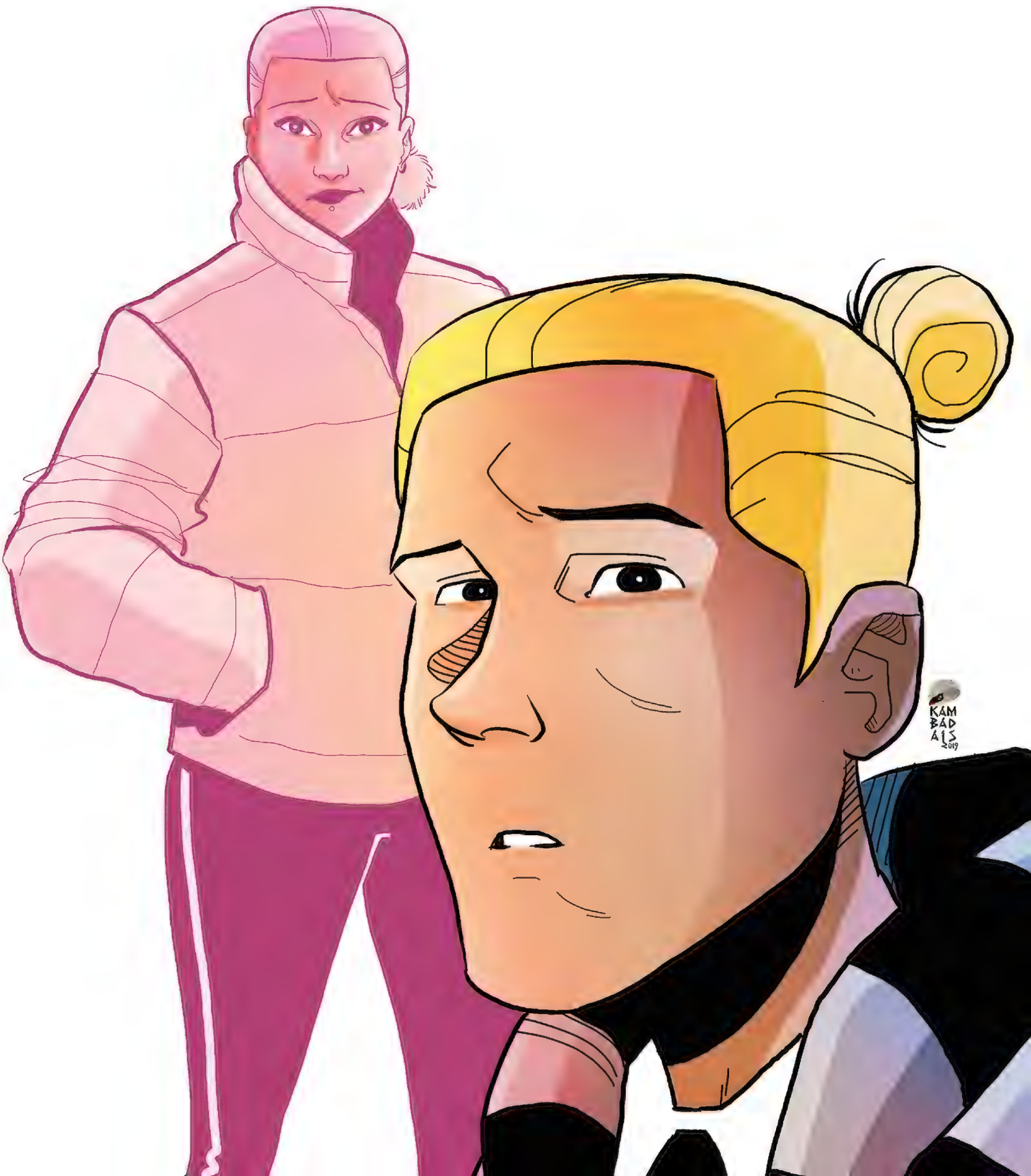

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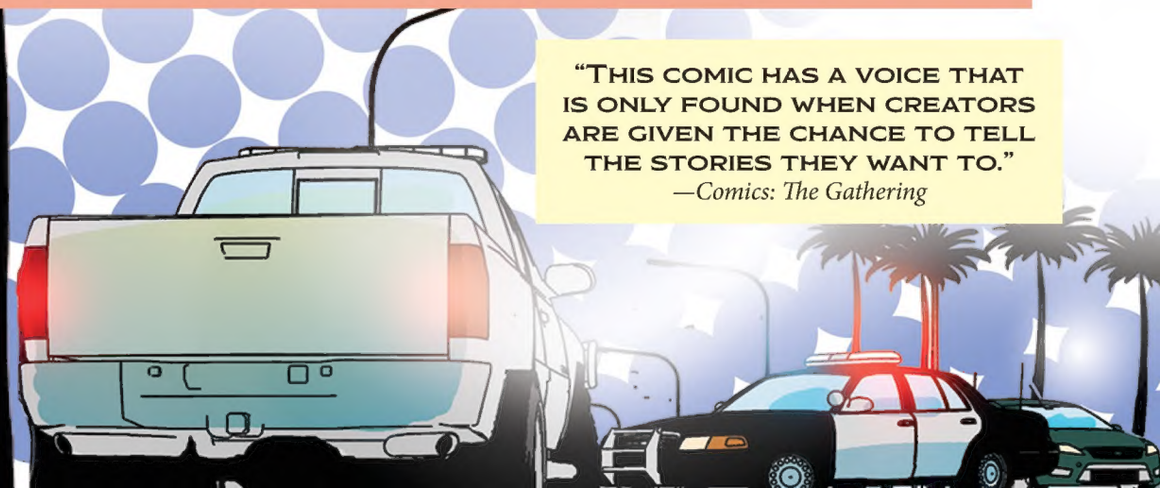
THE
END

"*I Can Sell You a Body* delights with sheer weirdness, humor and excellent craft."
—*Multiversity Comics*

A down-on-his-luck TV medium finds himself on the run from the cops, the mob, the Vatican, and a legion of ghosts looking for available bodies in this unique criminal haunt by writer **Ryan Ferrier** and artist **George Kambadais**.

Denny Little is a former TV psychic turned clairvoyant for hire turned supernatural real-estate agent. Since discovering he can perform "reverse exorcisms"—transferring spirits into living bodies—he's become L.A.'s most in-demand realtor, giving the dead a new lease on life. But when Denny falls in love with a new property, the family of the prospective tenant, a former mob boss, will get their money and revenge over our hapless hero's dead body.

"This comic has a voice that is only found when creators are given the chance to tell the stories they want to."
—*Comics: The Gathering*



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